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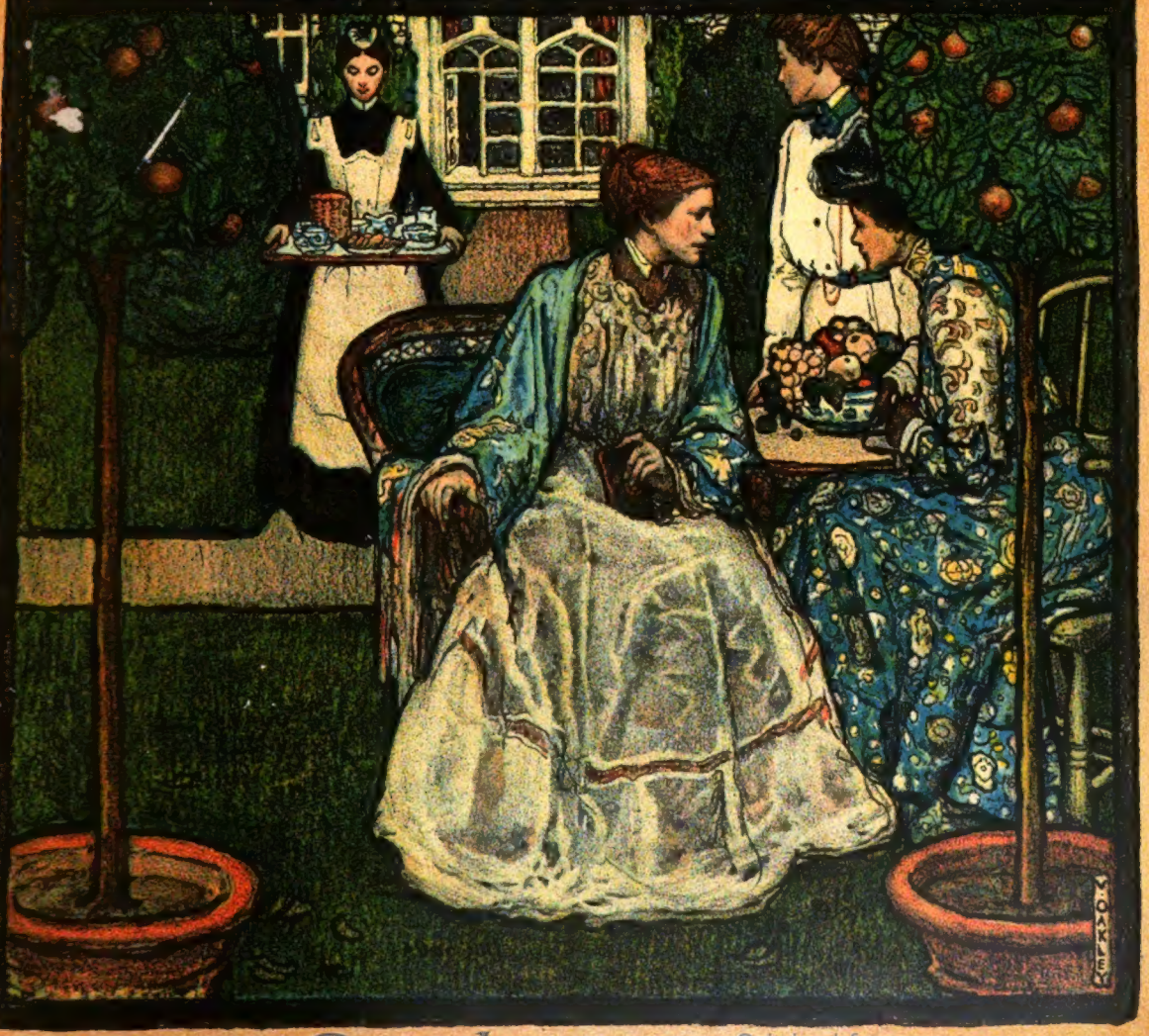

John Wanamaker Publisher

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THE SOAP
THAT TAKES THE PALM
FOR TOILET AND BATH
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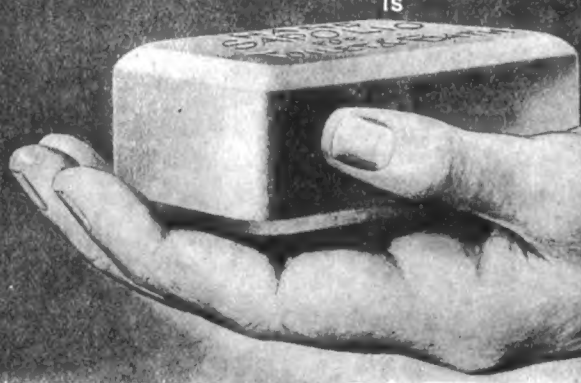

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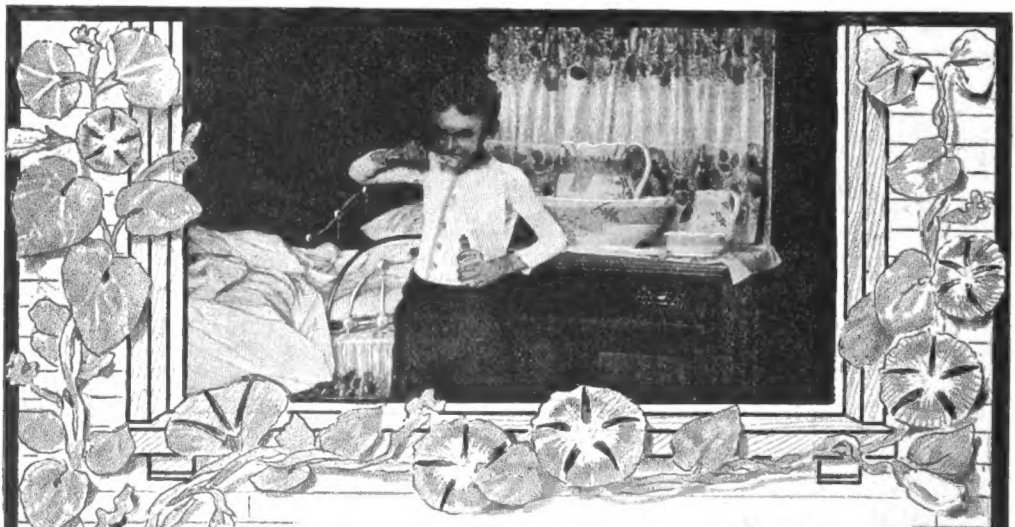

"For doing this each day and night,
I get a penny new and bright;
But s'pose they ever guessed 'twas play
With RUBIFOAM to brush away,
Then I would never get my pay."

RUBIFOAM sells everywhere for 25c. a bottle.
A sample of the Dentifrice sent for 2c. in stamps.

E. W. HOYT & CO.,
LOWELL, MASS.

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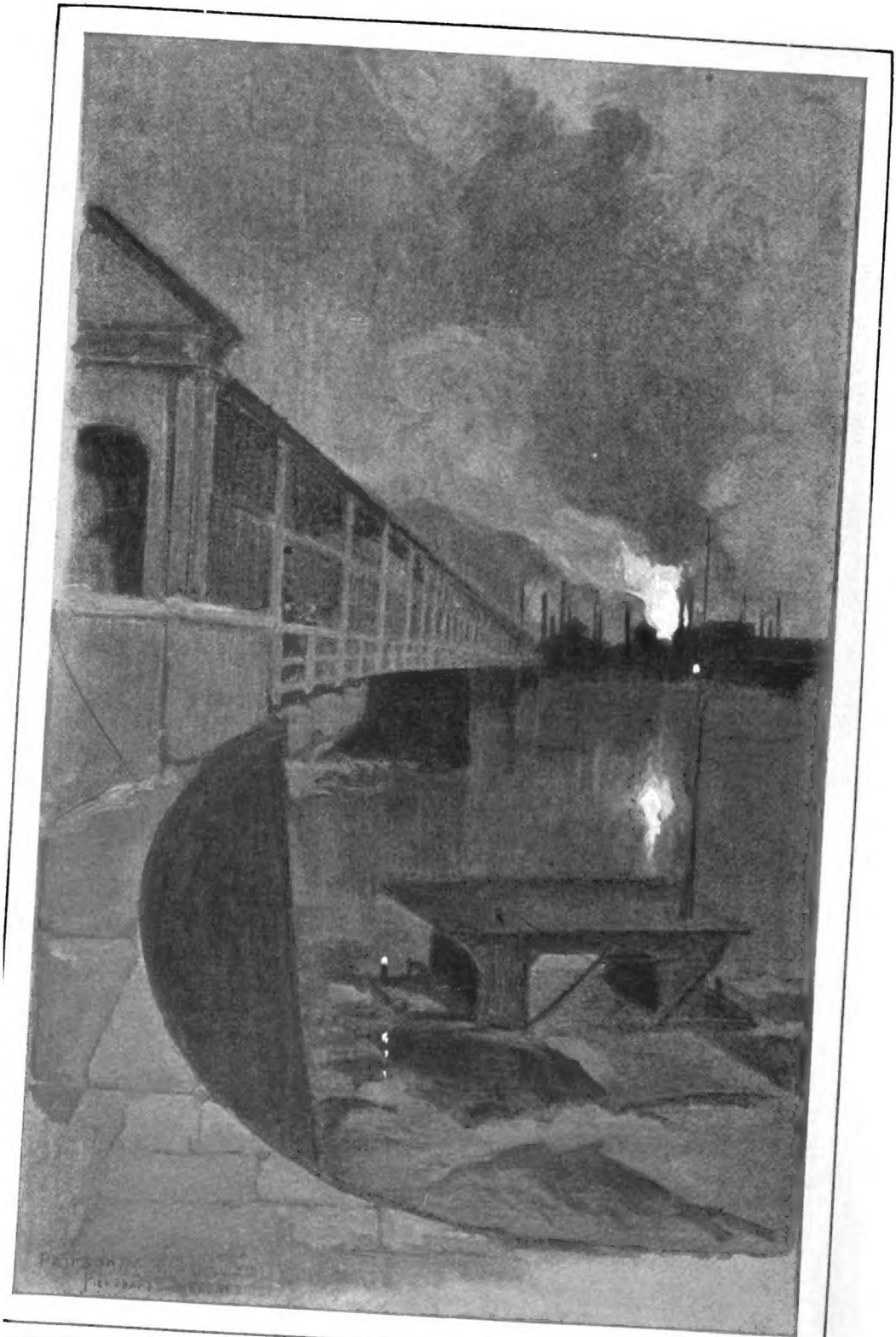

"WAVING ARMS OF SMOKE AND STEAM, A SYMBOL OF SPENT ENERGY, OF THE LIVES CONSUMED AND VANISHING AGAIN."

Factories on the Alleghany River at the 16th Street bridge, just below the pickle works.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL VII. SEPTEMBER, 1902. NO. 3.

THE WOMAN THAT TOILS

Experiences of a Literary Woman as a Working Girl.

BY BESSIE VAN VORST.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. ALDEN PEIRSON.

[The following is an account of the writer's actual experiences while working for purposes of investigation side by side with the girls of a great city factory. It is the first of a series of five articles to appear in this magazine, of which two have been written by her sister-in-law, Miss Marie Van Vorst, the well-known novelist and daughter of the late Judge Van Vorst, Chancellor of the State of New York.—EDITOR.]

IN choosing the scene for my first experience, I decided upon Pittsburg, as being an industrial centre whose character was determined by its working population. It exceeds all other cities of the country in the variety and extent of its manufacturing products. Of its 321,616 inhabitants, 100,000 are laboring men employed in the mills. Add to these the great number of women and girls who work in the factories and clothing shops, and the character of the place becomes apparent at a glance. There is, moreover, another reason which guided me toward this Middle-West town without its like. This land which we are accustomed to call democratic, is in reality composed of a multitude of kingdoms whose despots are the employers, the multi-millionaire patrons, and whose serfs are the laboring men and women. The rulers are invested with an authority and a power not unlike those possessed by the early barons, the feudal lords, the Lorenzo de Medicis, the Cheops; but with this difference, that whereas Pharaoh by his unique will controlled a thousand slaves, Carnegie uses, for his own

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THE WRITER AS "ESTHER KELLY."
Wearing the costume of the pickle factory.

ends also, thousands of separate wills. It was a submissive throng who built the pyramids. The mills which produce half the steel the world requires are run by a collection of individuals. Civilization has undergone a change; the multitude once worked for one; now each man works for himself first and for a master secondarily. In our new society where tradition plays no part, where the useful is paramount, where business asserts itself over art and beauty, where material needs are the first to be satisfied, and where the country's unclaimed riches are our chief incentive to effort, it is not uninteresting to find an analogy with the society in Italy which produced the Renaissance. Diametrically opposed in their ideals, they have a common spirit. In Italy the rebirth was of the love of art and of the classic forms, the desire to embellish, all that was inspired by culture of the beautiful.

The renaissance in America is the rebirth of man's originality in the invention of the useful, the virgin power of man's wits as quickened in the crude struggle for life. Florence is *par excellence* the place where we can study the Italian renaissance; Pittsburg appealed to me as a most favorable spot to watch the American renaissance, the enlivening of energies which give value to a man devoid of education, energies which in their daily exercise with experience generate a new force, a force that makes our country what it is, industrially and economically.

PITTSBURG.

MY train is three hours late which brings me about noon to Pittsburg. I have not a friend or an acquaintance within hundreds of miles. With my bag in my hand I make my way through the dark busy streets to the Young Women's Christian Association. It is down near a frozen river; the wind blows sharp and biting over the icy water; the streets are covered with snow and over the snow the soot falls softly like a mantle of perpetual mourning. There is almost no traffic. Innumerable tramways ring their way up and down wire-lined avenues, occasionally a train of freight cars announces itself with a warning bell in the city's midst. It is a black town of toil, one man in every three a laborer. They have no need for vehicles of pleasure: the trolleys take them to their work, the trains transport the products of the mills.

I hear all languages spoken: this prodigious town is a western bazaar where the nations assemble not to buy but to be employed. It is a cosmopolitan procession that passes me: the dusky Easterner with a fez of astrakan, the gentle-eyed Italian with a shawl of gay colors, the loose-lipped Hungarian, the pale mystic Swede, the German with wife and children hanging on his arm.

In this giant bureau of labor all nationalities gather, united by a common bond of hope, animated by a common chance of prosperity, kindred through a common effort, fellow-citizens in a new land of freedom.

At the central office of the Young Women's Christian Association I receive what attention a busy secretary can spare me. She questions and I answer as best I can.

She then directs me to a boarding place which is at the same time a refuge for the friendless and a shelter for waifs.

The matron is in the parlor hovering over a gas stove. She has false hair, false teeth, false jewelry, and the dry, crabbed, inquisitive manner of the idle who are entrusted with authority. She is there to direct others and do nothing herself, to be cross and make herself dreaded. In the distance I can hear a shrill, nasal orchestra of children's voices. I am cold and hungry. I have as yet no job. The noise, the sordidness, the witch-like matron annoy me. I have a sudden

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impulse to flee, to seek warmth and food and proper shelter, to snap my fingers at experience, and be grateful I was born among the fortunate. Something within me calls *Courage!* I take a room at three dollars a week with board, put my things in it, and while my feet yet ache with cold, I start to find a factory, a pickle factory, which, the matron tells me, is run by a Christian gentleman.

I have felt timid and overbold at different moments in my life but never so unwarrantedly audacious as on entering a factory-door marked in gilt letters "Women Employees."

The Cerberus between me and the fulfilment of my purpose is a gray-haired timekeeper with kindly eyes. He sits in a glass cage and about him are a score or more of clocks all ticking soundly and all surrounded by an extra dial of small numbers running from one to a thousand. Each number means a workman—each tick of the clock a moment of his life gone in the service of the pickle company. I rap on the window of the glass cage. It opens.

"I am awful anxious for work," I say. "Couldn't I begin and get raised, perhaps?"

"Surely—there's plenty of work for good workers."

The blood tingles through my cold hands. My heart is lighter—I have not come in vain. I have a place!

When I get back to the boarding house it is twilight. Before the gas stove there are nine small individuals dressed in a strange combination of uniform checked aprons and patent-leather boots worn out and discarded by the babies of the fortunate. The small feet they encase are crossed, and the freshly washed faces demure, as the matron with the wig frowns down into a newspaper from which she now and then hisses a command to order. Three miniature members are rocking violently in tiny rocking chairs.

"*Quit rocking,*" the false mother cries at them. "You make my head ache. Most of 'em have no parents," she explains to me. "None of 'em have homes."

Here they are, a small kingdom, unwanted, unwelcome, unprovided for, growled at and grumbled over. Yet each is developing in spite of chance, each is determining hour by hour his heritage from unknown parents. The matron leaves us, the rocking begins again. Conversation is animated. The three-year-old baby bears the name of

ONE OF THE PACKING DEPARTMENT GIRLS.
Showing truck used for moving bottles.

a three-year-old hero. This "Dewey" complains in a plaintive voice of a too long absent mother. His rosy lips are pursed out even with his nose. Again and again he reiterates the refrain: "My Mama don't never come to see me. She don't bring me no toys——" And then with pride, "My Mama buys rice and tea and lots of things," and dashing to the window as a trolley rattles by, "My Mama comes in the street cars, only," sadly, "she don't never come."

Not one of them has forgotten what fate has willed them to do without. At first they look shrinkingly toward my outstretched hand. Is it coming to administer some punishment? Little by little they are reassured and, gaining in confidence, they sketch for me in disconnected chapters the short outlines of their lives.

"I've been to the hospital," says one, "and so's Lily. I drank a lot of washing soda and it made me sick."

Lily begins her hospital reminiscences.

Lily is five. I see in her and in her companions a familiarity not only with the mysteries but with the stern realities of life. They have an understanding look at the mention of death, drunkenness and all domestic difficulties or irregularities. Their vocabulary and conversation image the violent and brutal side of existence—the only one with which they are acquainted.

At bed-time I find my way upward

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TWO GIRLS WHO WORK BECAUSE "THEY COULDN'T HAVE THE CLOTHES THEY DO" OTHERWISE, AND ONE WHO LABORS FROM GRIM NECESSITY AND MAKES SEVENTY CENTS A DAY.

through dark and narrow stairs that open into a long room with a slanting roof. It serves as nursery and sitting room. In the dull light of a stove and an oil lamp, four or five women are seated with babies on their knees. They have the meek look of those who doom themselves to acceptance of misfortune, the flat resigned figures of the overworked; their loose woollen jackets hang over their gaunt shoulders, their straight hair is brushed hard and smooth against high foreheads.

The cook has piled her aching bones in a heap, her drawn face waits like an indicator for some fresh signal to a new fatigue. Mary, the woman-of-all-work, who has spent more than one night within a prison's walls, has long ago been brutalized by the persistence of life in spite of crime—her grey hair ripples like sand under the receding waves, her profile is strong and fine, but her eyes have a film of misery over them, dull and silent they deaden her face. And Jennie, the charwoman, is she a cripple or has toil thus warped her body? Her arms, long and withered, swing like the broken branches of a gnarled tree; her back is twisted and her head bowed toward earth. A stranger to rest, she seems a mechanical creature wound up for work and run down in the middle of the task.

What could be hoped for in such surroundings? With every effort to be clean the dirt accumulates faster than it can be washed away. It was impossible, I found by my own experience, to be really clean. There was a total absence of beauty in everything, not a line of grace, not a pleasing sound, not an agreeable odor anywhere. It was probable my comrades felt at no time the discomfort I did, but the harm done them is not the physical suffering their condition causes, but the moral and spiritual bondage in which it holds them. I saw nothing to indicate that they were not born with like *capacities* to ours. As our bodies accustom themselves to luxury and cleanliness, theirs grow hardened to deprivation and filth. As our souls develop with the advantages of all that constitutes an ideal, an intellectual, æsthetic and moral ideal, their souls diminish under the oppression of a constant physical effort to meet material demands. The fact that they become physically insensible to what we consider unbearable, is used as an argument for their emotional insensibility. I hold such an argument as false. From all I saw I am convinced that, *given their relative preparation* for suffering and for pleasure, their griefs and their joys are the same as ours in kind and in degree.

Without it is black—a more intense black than night's beginning—when all is astir. The streets are silent, an occasional train whirls past, groups of men hurry hither and thither swinging their arms, rubbing their

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ears in the freezing air. Many of them have neither overcoats nor gloves. Now and then a woman sweeps along. Her skirts have the same swing as my own short ones, under her arm she carries a newspaper bundle whose meaning I have grown to know; my own contains a mid-day meal: two cold fried oysters, two dried preserve sandwiches, a pickle and an orange. My way lies across a bridge. In the first grey of dawn the river shows black under its burden of ice. Along its troubled banks, innumerable chimneys send forth their hot activity, clouds of seething flames, waving arms of smoke and steam, a symbol of spent energy, of the lives consumed and vanishing again, the sparks that shine an instant against the dark sky and are spent forever.

As I draw nearer the pickle factory I move with a stream of fellow workers pouring toward the glass cage of the time-keeper. He greets me and starts me on my upward journey with a wish that I shall not get discouraged, a reminder that the earnest worker always makes a way for herself.

I have become with desperate reality a factory girl, alone, inexperienced, friendless. I am making $4.20 a week and spending $3.00 of this for board alone, and I dread not being strong enough to keep my job. I climb endless stairs—somebody gives me a white cap and an apron—and my life as a factory girl begins. I am part of the ceaseless, unrelenting mechanism kept in motion by the poor.

A TYPE FROM THE BOTTLING DEPARTMENT.

The factory I have chosen has been built contemporaneously with reforms and sanitary inspection. There are clean, well-aired rooms, hot and cold water to wash, places to put one's hat and coat, an obligatory uniform for regular employees, hygienic and moral advantages of all kinds, ample space for work without crowding.

Side by side in rows of tens or twenties we stand before our tables waiting for the seven o'clock whistle to blow. In their white caps and blue frocks and aprons, the girls in my department all look alike. My first task is an easy one, anybody could do it. On the stroke of seven my fingers fly. I place a lid of paper into a tin jar-top, over it a cork, this I press down with both hands, tossing the cover, when done, into a pan. In spite of myself I hurry, I cannot work fast enough, I outdo my companions. How can they be so slow? I have finished three dozen while they are doing two. Every nerve, every muscle is offering some of its energy. Over in one corner the machinery for sealing the jars groans and roars, the mingled sounds of filling, washing, wiping, packing, comes to my eager ears as an accompaniment of the simple work assigned to me. One hour passes, two, three hours; I fit ten, twenty, fifty dozen caps, and still my energy keeps up.

The forewoman is a pretty girl of twenty. Her restless eyes, her metallic voice are the messengers who would know all. I am afraid of her. I long to please her. I am sure she must be saying, "*How well the new girl works.*"

Conversation is possible among those whose work has become mechanical. Twice I am sent to the store-room for more caps—in these brief moments my companions volunteer a word of themselves.

"I was out to a ball last night," the youngest one says. "I stayed so late I didn't feel a bit like getting up this morning."

"That's nothing," another retorts, "there's hardly an evening we don't have company at the house, music or somethin'; I never get enough rest."

And on my second trip the pale creature with me says:

"My mother died last Friday week. It's awful lonely without her. Seems as though I'd never get over missing her. I miss her *dreadful*. Perhaps by and by I'll get used to it."

"Oh, no you won't," the answer comes from a girl with short skirts and the head of an old woman. "You'll never get used to it. My ma's been dead eight years next month and I dreamt about her all last night. I can't get her out o' me mind."

When I have fitted one hundred and ten dozen tin caps, the forewoman comes and changes my job. She tells me to haul and load up some heavy crates with pickle-jars. I am wheeling these back and forth when the

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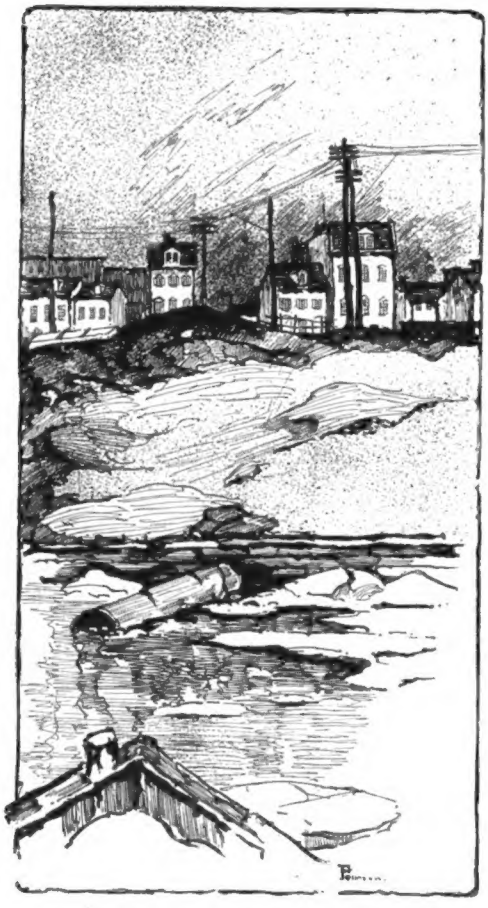

WORKERS' HOUSES DOWN BY THE RIVER-BANK.

Long rows of dwellings precisely alike, so usual in most of our cities, are not often met with here, but the form of each house seems to be a law unto itself.

twelve o'clock whistle blows. Up to that time the room has been one big dynamo, each girl a part of it. With the first moan of the noon signal the dynamo comes to life. It is hungry—it has friends and favorites, news to tell. We herd down in a big dining-room and take our places, five hundred of us in all. The newspaper bundles are unfolded. The menu varies little; bread and jam, cake and pickles, occasionally a sausage, a bit of cheese or a piece of stringy cold meat. In ten minutes the repast is over. The dynamo has been fed; there are twenty minutes of leisure spent in dancing, singing, resting and conversing chiefly about young men and "sociables."

At 12:30 sharp the whistle draws back the life it has given. I return to my job. My shoulders are beginning to ache hideously. My hands are stiff, my thumbs almost blistered. The enthusiasm I had felt is giving way to a numbing weariness. I look at my companions now in amazement. How can they keep on so steadily, so swiftly? Cases are emptied and refilled, bottles are labelled, stamped and rolled away, jars are washed, wiped and loaded, and still there are more cases, more jars, more bottles. Oh! the monotony of it, the never ending supply of work to be begun and finished, begun and finished, begun and finished—— Now and then someone cuts a finger, or runs a splinter under the flesh; once the mustard machine broke, and still the work goes on, on, on—— New girls like myself who had worked briskly in the morning are beginning to loiter. Out of the washing-tins hands come up red and swollen only to be plunged again into hot dirty water. Would the whistle never blow? Once I pause an instant, my head dazed and weary, my ears strained to bursting with the deafening noise. "Quick," a voice whispers in my ear:

"You'd better not stand there doin' nothin'. If *she* catches you she'll give it to you."

On! On! bundle of pains! For you this is one day's work in a thousand of peace and beauty. For those about you this is the whole of daylight, this is the winter dawn and twilight, this is the glorious summer noon, this is all day, this is every day, this is *life*. Rest is only a bit of a dream, snatched when the sleeper's aching body lets her close her eyes for a moment in oblivion.

Out beyond the chimney tops the snow fields and the river turn from grey to pink, and still the work goes on. Each crate I lift grows heavier, each bottle weighs an added pound. Now and then someone lends a helping hand.

"Tired, ain't you? This is your first day, ain't it?"

The acid smell of vinegar and mustard penetrates everywhere. My ankles cry out pity.—Oh! to sit down an instant!

"Tidy up the table," some one tells me. "We're soon goin' home."

Home! I think of the stifling fumes of fried food, the dim haze in the kitchen where my supper waits me; the children, the band of drifting workers, the shrill complaining voice of the hired mother. This is home,

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I sweep and set to rights, limping, lurching along. Whenthe whistle blows at last, there is not enough vitality in me to be glad. In a swarm we report, we put on our things and get away into the cool night air. I have stood ten hours, I have fitted 1,300 corks. I have hauled and loaded 4,000 jars of pickles. My pay is seventy cents.

For the two days following my first experience I am unable to resume work. Fatigue has swept through my blood like a fever. Every bone and joint has a clamoring ache. I pass the time visiting other factories, and hunting for a place to board in the neighborhood of the pickling-house. At the cork works they do not need girls; at the Cracker Company I can get a job, but the hours are longer, the advantages less than where I am; at the broom factory they employ only men. I decide to continue with tin caps and pickle-jars.

My whole effort now is to find a respectable boarding house. I start out, the thermometer near zero, the snow falling. I wander and ask, wander and ask. Up and down the black streets running parallel and at right angles with the factory, I tap and ring at one after another of the two-story red-brick houses. More than half of them are empty during the working hours. The sociability, the discipline, the division of responsibility make factory work a dangerous rival to domestic care. There is something in the modern conditions of labor which acts magnetically upon American girls, impelling them to work not for bread alone, but for clothes and finery as well.

I pursue my search. It is dinner hour. The answer is everywhere the same, with slight variations. Some take "mealers" only, some "roomers" only, some "only gentlemen." I begin to understand it. There is here no influx such as creates in a small town the necessity for working-girl boarding-houses. There is an ample supply of hands from the existing homes.

A sign out on a neat-looking corner house attracts me. I rap and continue to rap; the door is opened at length by a tall, good-looking young woman; her hair curls prettily, catching the light, her eyes are stupid and beautiful. She has on a black skirt and a bright purple waist.

"Do you take boarders?"

"Why, yes. I don't generally like to take ladies, they give so much trouble. You can come in if you like. Here's the room," she continues, opening a door near the vestibule. She brushes her hand over her forehead and stares at me, and then as though she could no longer silence the knell ringing in her heart, she says to me, always staring:

"My husband was killed on the railroad last week. He lived three hours. They took him to the hospital—a boy come running down and told me. I went up as fast as I could, but it was too late, he never spoke again. I guess he didn't know what struck him, his head was all smashed. He was awful good to me—so easy-going—I ain't got my mind down to work yet. If you don't like this here room," she goes on listlessly, "maybe you could get suited across the way."

A HOUSE OF THE WORST TYPE IN THE HILLS BACK OF THE FACTORY.

The occupants pay eight dollars a month rent.

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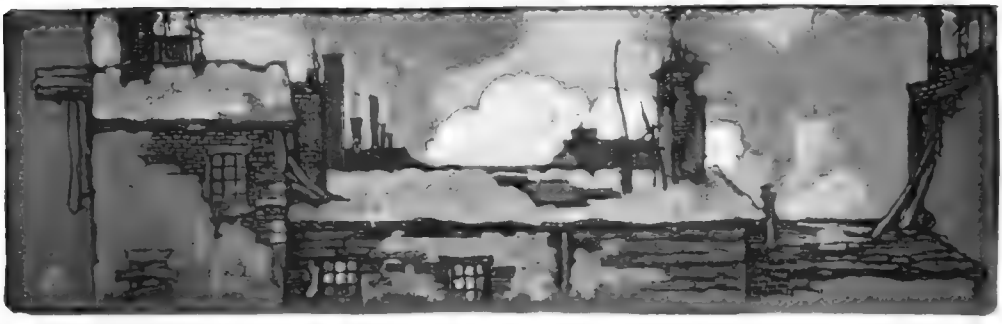

A SKYLINE NEAR THE FACTORY.

The air is never clear of smoke and soot from the iron and steel works which line the river-bank and whose furnaces are active day and night.

The next day is a Saturday. I feel a fresh excitement at going back to my job; the factory draws me toward it magnetically. I long to be in the hum and whir of the busy workroom. Two days of leisure without resources or amusement make clear to me how the sociability of factory-life, the freedom from personal demands, the escape from self can prove a distraction to those who have no mental occupation, no money to spend on diversion. It is easier to submit to factory government, which commands five hundred girls with one law valid for all, than to undergo the arbitrary discipline of parental authority. I speed across the snow-covered courtyard, in a moment my cap and apron are on and I am sent to report to the head forewoman.

"We thought you'd quit," she says. "Lots of girls come in here and quit after one day, especially Saturday; to-day is scrubbing day," she smiles at me. "Now we'll do right by you if you do right by us. What did the time-keeper say he'd give you?"

"Sixty or seventy a day."

"We'll give you seventy," she says.

She wears her cap close against her head. Her front hair is rolled up in crimping pins. She has false teeth and is a widow. Her pale parched face shows what a great share of life has been taken by daily over-effort repeated during years. As she talks she touches my arm in a kindly fashion and looks at me with blue eyes that float about under weary lids. "You are only at the beginning," they seem to say. "Your youth and vigor are at full tide, but drop by drop they will be sapped from you, to swell the great flood of human effort that supplies the world's material needs. You will gain in experience," the weary lids flutter at me, "but you will pay *with your life* the living you make."

There is no variety in my morning's work. Next to me is a bright, pretty girl jamming chopped pickles into bottles.

"How long have you been here?" I ask, attracted by her capable appearance; she does her work easily and well.

"About five months."

"How much do you make?"

"From 90 cents to $1.05. I'm doing piece-work," she explains. "I get seven-eighths of a cent for every dozen bottles I fill. I have to fill eight dozen to make seven cents. Downstairs in the corking-room you can make as high as $1.15 to $1.20. They won't let you make any more than that. Me and them two girls over there are the only ones in this room doing piece-work. I was here three weeks as a day worker."

"Do you live at home?" I ask.

"Yes, I don't have to work. I don't pay no board, my father and my brothers support me and my mother; but," and her eyes twinkled, "I couldn't have the clothes I do if I didn't work."

"Do you spend your money all on yourself?"

"Yes."

I am amazed at the cheerfulness of my companions. They complain of fatigue, of cold, but never at any time is there a suggestion of ill-humor. Their suppressed animal-spirits reassert themselves when the forewoman's back is turned. Companionship is the great stimulus. I am confident that without the social *entrain*, the encouragement of example, it would be impossible to obtain as much from each individual girl as is obtained from them in groups of tens, fifties, hundreds working together.

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WORKERS' HOUSES OPPOSITE THE FACTORY ON THE MAIN STREET.

When lunch is over we are set to scrubbing. Every table and stand, every inch of the factory floor must be scrubbed during the next four hours. The whistle on Saturday blows an hour earlier. Any girl who has not finished her work when the day is done, so that she can leave things in perfect order, is kept over-time for which she is paid at the rate of six or seven cents an hour. The forewoman is at my side.

"Have you ever scrubbed before?" she asks sharply.

This is humiliating.

"Yes," I answer. "I have scrubbed . . . oil cloth."

The forewoman knows how to do everything. She drops down on her knees, and with her strong arms and short-thumbed hands she shows me how to scrub.

The grumbling is general. There is but one opinion among the girls: it is not right that they should be made do this work. What, I wonder to myself, do the men do on scrubbing day. I try to picture one of them on his hands and knees in a sea of brown mud. It is impossible. The next time I go for a supply of soft soap in a department where the men are working I take a look at the masculine interpretation of house-cleaning. One man is playing a hose on the floor and the rest are rubbing the boards down with long-handled brooms and rubber mops.

"You take it easy," I say to the boss.

"I won't have no scrubbing in my place," he answers emphatically. "The first scrubbing day they say to me, 'Get down on your hands and knees' and I says,—'Just pay me my money, will you, I'm goin' home. What scrubbing can't be done with mops ain't going to be done by me.' The women wouldn't have to scrub either if they had enough spirit all of 'em to say so."

I determined to find out, if possible, during my stay in the factory what it is that clogs this mainspring of "spirit" in the women.

I hear fragmentary conversations about fancy dress balls, valentine parties, church sociables, flirtations and clothes. Almost all of the girls wear shoes of patent leather, and some or much cheap jewelry, brooches, bangles and rings. A few draw their corsets in, the majority are not laced. Here and there I see a new girl whose back is flat, whose chest is well developed. Among the older hands who have begun early to work there is not a straight pair of shoulders. Much of the bottle washing and filling is done by children from twelve to fourteen years of age. On their slight, frail bodies toil weighs heavily, the delicate child-form gives way to the iron of labor pressed too soon upon it. Backs bend earthward, chests recede, never to be whole again.

. . . . . .

After a Sunday of rest, I arrive somewhat ahead of time on Monday morning, which leaves me a few moments for conversation with a piece-worker who is pasting labels on mustard jars. She is fifteen.

"Do you like your job?" I ask.

"Yes, I do," she answers, pleased to tell her little history. "I began in a clothing shop. I only made $2.50 a week, but I didn't have to stand. I felt awful when Papa made me quit. When I come in here bein' on my feet tired me so I cried every night for two months. Now I've got used to it. I don't feel no more tired when I get home than I did when I started out." There are two sharp blue lines that drag themselves down from her eyes to her white cheeks.

"Why, you know at Christmas, they give us two weeks," she goes on in the sociable tone of a woman whose hands are occupied. "I just didn't know what to do with myself."

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"Does your mother work?"

"Oh, my no—— I don't have to work; only if I didn't I couldn't have the clothes I do. I save some of my money and spend the rest on myself. I make six to seven dollars a week."

The girl next us volunteers a share in the conversation.

would be my answer; if by effort, then a thousand years.

"Twenty," I hazard as a safe medium.

"Fourteen," she laughs. "I don't like it at home, the kids bother me so. Mama's people are well-to-do. I'm working for my own pleasure."

"Indeed, I wish I was," says a new girl

THE RUSH FOR THE TIME-KEEPER'S OFFICE AT DAWN.
The factory is seen on the left. The buildings on the right with the tower are the Company's stables.

"I bet you can't guess how old I am." I look at her. Her face and throat are wrinkled, her hands broad and scrawny, she is tall and has short skirts. What shall be my clue? If I judge by pleasure, unborn

with a red waist. "We three girls supports Mama and runs the house. We have $13 rent to pay and a load of coal every month and groceries; it's no joke I can tell you."

The whistle blows, I go back to my mo-

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notonous task. The old aches begin again, first gently, then more and more sharp. The work itself is growing more mechanical. I can watch the girls around me. What is it that determines superiority in this class? Why was the girl filling pickle-jars put on piece-work after three weeks, when others older than she are doing day-work at fifty and sixty cents, after a year in the factory? Intelligence I put first. Judgment is not far behind in the list, and it is hurried along by experience. A strong will and a moral steadiness stand guardians over the other two. The little pickle-girl is winning in the race by her intelligence. The forewomen have all four qualities, sometimes one, sometimes another predominating. The pretty Clara is smarter than Lottie. Lottie is more steady. Old Mrs. Minn's will has kept her at it until her judgment has become mature and can command a good price. Annie is an evenly balanced mixture of all, and the five hundred who are working under the five lack these qualities totally, or have them in useless proportions.

A LITTLE EXPERT IN THE BOTTLING DEPARTMENT.

Mixed pickles are packed to form a pattern in the bottles, being guided into position with a little stick. The girls are trained to make all the bottles look exactly alike.

Monday is a hard day. There is more complaining, more shirking, more gossip than in the middle of the week. Most of the girls have been to dances on Saturday night, to church on Sunday evening with some young man. Their conversation is vulgar and prosaic, there is nothing in the language they use that suggests an ideal, or any conception of the abstract. They make jokes, state facts about the work, tease each other, but in all they say there is not a word of value, nothing that would interest if repeated out of its class. They have none of the sagaciousness of the low-born Italian, none of the wit and penetration of the French *ouvriere*. The old world, generations ago, divided itself into classes; the lower class watched the upper, and grew observant and appreciative, wise and discriminating, through the study of a master's will. Here in the land of freedom where no class line is rigid, the precious chance is not to serve but to live for one's self, not to watch a superior but to find out by experience. The ideal plays no part, stern realities alone count, and thus we have a progressive, practical, independent people, the expression of whose personality is interesting not through their words but by their deeds.

When the Monday noon whistle blows I follow the hundreds down into the dining room. Each wears her cap in a way that speaks for her temperament. There is the indifferent, the untidy, the prim, the vain, the coquettish, and the faces under them which all looked alike at first, are becoming familiar. I have begun to make friends. I speak bad English, but do not attempt to change my voice and inflection, nor to adopt the twang. No allusion is made to my pronunciation except by one girl who says:

"I knew you was from the East. My sister spent a year in Boston and when she came back she talked just like you do, but she lost it all again. I'd give anything if I could talk *aristocratic*."

I am beginning to understand why the meagre lunches of preserve-sandwiches and pickles more than satisfy the girls whom I was prepared to accuse of spending their money rather on gewgaws than on nourishment. It is fatigue that steals the appetite. I can hardly taste what I put in my mouth, the food sticks in my throat. The girls who complain most of being tired are the ones who roll up their newspaper bundles half full. They should be given an hour at noon. The first half of it should be spent in rest and recreation before a bite is touched; the good that such a regulation would work upon their faulty skins and pale faces, their strength and health, would be incalculable. I did not want wholesome food, exhausted as I was. I craved sours and sweets, pickles, cake, anything to excite my numb taste.

Accumulated weariness forces me to take a day off. When I return I am sent for in the corking room. The forewoman lends me a blue gingham dress and tells me I am to do "piece" work. There are three who work together at every corking table. My two companions are a woman with goggles

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and a one-eyed boy. We are not a brilliant trio. The job consists in evening the vinegar in the bottles, driving the cork in, first with a machine, then with a hammer, letting out the air with a knife stuck under the cork, capping the corks, sealing the caps, counting and distributing the bottles. These operations are paid, for the dozen bottles, one-half a cent, which is divided among us. My two companions are earning a living, so I must work in dead earnest or take bread out of their mouths. At every blow of the hammer there is danger. Again and again bottles fly to pieces in my hand. The boy who runs the corking-machine smashes a glass to fragments.

"Are you hurt?" I ask, my own fingers crimson stained.

"That ain't nothin'," he answers. "Cuts is common, my hands is full of 'em."

The woman directs us; she is fussy and loses her head, the work accumulates, I am slow, the boy is clumsy. There is a stimulus unsuspected in working to get a job done. Before this I had worked to make the time pass. Then no one took account of how much I did, the factory clock had a weighted pendulum; now, ambition outdoes physical strength. The hours and my purpose are running race together. But—hurry as I may, as we do, when twelve blows its signal we have corked only 210 dozen bottles! This is no more than day-work at seventy cents. With an ache in every muscle, I redouble my energy after lunch. The girl with the goggles looks at me blandly and says:

"Ain't it just awful hard work? You can make good money,—but you've got to hustle."

She is a forlorn specimen of humanity, ugly, old, dirty, condemned to the slow death of the over-worked. During the ten hours we work side by side not one murmur of impatience escapes her. When she sees that I am getting discouraged, she calls out over the deafening din, "That's all right, you can't expect to learn in a day—just keep on steady."

As I go about distributing bottles to the labellers, I notice a strange little elf not more than twelve years old, hauling loaded crates; her face and chest are depressed, she is pale to blueness, her eyes have indigo circles, her pupils are unnaturally dilated, her brows contracted; she has the appearance of a cave-bred creature. She seems scarcely human. When the time for cleaning up arrives, toward five, my boss sends me for a bucket of water to wash up the floor. I go to the sink, turn on the cold water and with it the steam which takes the place of hot water. The valve slips, in an instant I am enveloped in a scalding cloud. Before it has cleared away the elf is by my side:

"Did you hurt yourself?" she asks.

Her inhuman form is the vehicle of a human heart, warm and tender. She lifts her wide-pupilled eyes to mine, her ex-

AN OLD HOUSE OCCUPIED BY EMPLOYEES NEAR THE "CROW HILL ROAD" BACK OF THE FACTORY.

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pression does not change from that of habitual scrutiny cast early in a rigid mould, but her voice carries sympathy from its purest source.

There is more honor than courtesy in the code of etiquette. Commands are given curtly, the slightest injustice is resented, each man for himself in work; but in trouble, all for the one who is suffering. No bruise or cut or burn is too familiar a sight to pass uncared for. It is their common sufferings, their common effort that unites them.

When I have become expert in the corking art I am raised to a better table with a bright boy and a girl who is dignified and indifferent with the indifference of those who have had too much responsibility. She never hurries, the work slips easily through her fingers. She keeps a steady bearing over the morning's ups and downs. Under her load of trials there is something big in the steady way she sails.

"How many checks have we got," I ask toward the close of the day.

"Thirteen," Ella answers.

"An unlucky number," I venture, hoping to arouse an opinion.

"Are you superstitious?" she asks, continuing to twist tin caps on pickle jars. "I am. If anything's going to happen I can't help having presentiments and they come true, too." Here is a mystic, I thought, so I continued:

"And what about dreams?"

"Oh!" she cried. "Dreams! I have the queerest of anybody!"

I was all attention.

"Why, last night," she drew near to me and spoke slowly. "I dreamt that Mama was drunk, and that she was stealing chickens!"

Such is the imagination of this weary worker.

Sometimes I tried original ways of doing the work given me. I soon found in every case that the methods proposed by the forewoman were in the end those whereby I could do the greatest amount of work with the least effort. A mustard machine had recently been introduced into the factory; it replaced three girls; it filled as many bottles with a single stroke as the girls could fill with twelve. This machine and all the others used were run by boys or men—the girls had not strength enough to manipulate them methodically.

While the boy was keeping steadily at one thing, perfecting himself, we, the women, were doing a variety of things, complicated and fussy, left to our lot because we had not physical force for the simpler but greater effort. The boy at the corking table had soon become an expert; he was fourteen and he made from $1.00 to $1.20 a day. He worked ten hours at one job whereas Ella and I had a dozen little jobs almost impossible to systematize,—we hammered and cut and capped the corks and washed and

WORKERS' HOUSES FACING THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TRACKS BACK OF THE FACTORY.

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wiped the bottles, sealed them, counted them, distributed them, kept the table washed up, the sink cleaned out, and once a day scrubbed up our own precincts. When I asked the boy if he was tired he laughed at me. He was superior to us, he was stronger, he could do more with one stroke than we could do with three, he was by *nature* a more valuable aid than we. We were forced through physical inferiority to abandon the choicest task to this young male competitor. Nature had given us a handicap at the start.

For several days there is no vacancy at the corking tables. I am sent back to the bottling department. The oppressive monotony is one day varied by a summons to the men's dining room. I go eagerly, glad of any change. In the kitchen I find a girl busily employed in peeling potatoes, and a colored man making soup in a big boiler. The girl gives me a stool to sit on, and a knife, and a pan of potatoes. The dinner under preparation is for the men of the factory. There are two hundred of them. They are paid from $1.35 up to $3 a day. Their wages begin above the highest limit given to women. The dinner costs each man ten cents. The $20 paid in daily cover the expenses of the cook, two kitchen maids and the dinner, which consists of meat, bread and butter, vegetables, and coffee, sometimes soup, sometimes dessert. If this can pay for two hundred there is no reason why for five cents a hot meal of some kind could not be given the women; they don't demand it, so they are left to make themselves ill on pickles and preserves.

THE EMERGENCY HOSPITAL IN THE FACTORY BUILDING.
Nurses are always in attendance and a surgeon in the pay of the company within easy call in case of accident to employees.

One Saturday the owner of the factory comes at lunch time with several friends and talks to us with an amazing *camaraderie*. He is kindly humorous and tactful. One or two missionaries speak after him, but their conversation is too abstract for us. We want something dramatic, imaginative to hold our attention, or something wholly natural. It was a relief to hear something funny. In working as an outsider in a factory girl's club, I had always held that nothing was so important as to give the poor something beautiful to look at and think about. Three weeks as a factory girl had changed my beliefs. If the young society women who sacrifice one evening every week to talk to the poor in the slums about Shakespeare and Italian art would instead offer diversion first, a play, a farce, a humorous recitation, they would make much more rapid progress in winning the confidence of those whom they want to help. The working woman who has had a good laugh is more ready to tell what she needs and feels and fears than the woman who is made to listen silently to an abstract lesson. In society when we wish to make friends with people we begin by entertaining them. If I had a holiday, I would spend it seeing, not what man, but what God has made. It should be the same way with the poor. Next to amusement as a means of giving temporary relief and bringing about relations which will be helpful to all, I put instruction, in the form of narrative, about the people of other countries, our fellow man, how he lives and works; and third, under this same head, primitive lessons about animals and plants, the industries of the bees, the habits of ants, the natural phenomena which require no reasoning

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power to understand and which open the thoughts upon a delightful unknown vista.

My first experience is drawing to its close. I have surmounted the discomforts of insufficient food, dirt, a bed without sheets, the strain of hard manual labor. I have confined my observations to life and conditions in the factory. I have pointed out as they appeared to me woman's relative force as a worker and its effect upon her economic advancement. In the masculine category I met but one class of competitor: the bread-winner. In the feminine category I found a variety of classes: the bread-winner, the semi-bread winner, the woman who works for luxuries. This inevitably drags the wage level. The self-supporting girl is in competition with the child, with the girl who lives at home and makes a small contribution to the household expenses, and with the girl who is supported and who spends all her money on her clothes. It is this division of purpose which takes the spirit out of them as a class. There will be no strikes among them so long as the question of wages is not equally vital to them all. It is not only Nature and the law which demand protection for woman, but society as well. In every case, of the quantities I investigated, if there were sons, daughters, or a husband in the family, the mother was not allowed to work. She was wholly protected. In the families where the father and brothers were making enough for bread and butter, the daughters were protected partially or entirely. There is no law which regulates this social protection: it is voluntary, and it would seem to indicate that civilized woman is meant to be an economic dependent.

What occurred to me as a possible remedy both for the oppression of the woman bread-winner, and also as a betterment for the girl who wants to work though she does not need the money, was this: The establishment of schools where the æsthetic branches of industrial art might be taught to the girls who by their material independence could give some leisure to acquiring a profession useful to themselves and to society in general. The whole country would be benefited by the opening of such schools as the Empress of Russia has patronized for the maintenance of the *petites industries*, or those which Queen Margherita has established for the revival of lace-making in Italy. If there were such a counter-attraction to machine labor, the bread-winner would have a freer field and the non-bread-winner might still work for luxury and at the same time better herself morally, mentally and æsthetically. She could aid in forming an intermediate class of laborers which as yet does not exist in America: the hand-workers, the *mains d'œuvres* who produce the luxurious objects of industrial art for which we are obliged to send to Europe when we wish to beautify our homes.

I was discouraged to see how difficult it was to help the working girls as individuals and how still more difficult to help them as a class. There is, perhaps, no surer way of doing this than by giving opportunities to those who have a purpose and a will. No amount of openings will help the girl who has not both of these. I watched many intelligent and energetic girls who were unable to develop, for the lack of a chance, a start in the right direction. Aside from the few remedies I have been able to suggest, I would like to make an appeal for persistent sympathy in behalf of those whose misery I have shared. Until some marvellous advancement has been made toward the reign of justice upon earth, every man, woman and child should have constantly in his heart the sufferings of the poorest.

On the evening when I left the factory for the last time, I heard in the streets the usual cry of murders, accidents and suicides: the mental food of the over-worked. It is Saturday night. I mingle with a crowd of laborers homeward bound, and with women and girls returning from a Saturday sale in the big shops. They hurry along delighted at the cheapness of a bargain, little dreaming of the human effort that has produced it, the cost of life and energy it represents. As they pass, they draw their skirts aside from us; from us, the co-operators who enable them to have their luxuries; from us, the multitude who stand between them and the monster Toil that must be fed with human lives. Think of us, as we herd to our work in the Winter dawn, think of us as we bend over our task all the daylight without rest; think of us at the end of the day as we resume our suffering and anxiety in homes of squalor and ugliness; think of us as we make our wretched try for merriment; think of us as we stand protectors between you and the labor that must be done to satisfy your material demands; think of us; be merciful.

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THE SALT CROWD'S TRADE.

By Will Payne.

I.

BURT, WESTLAKE & CO., brokers, were at last settled in their offices on the ground floor of the La Salle Building. All was conspicuously new. The rough-hewn surfaces of the craggy granite which formed the two lower stories of the building glistened clean and hard in the sun. The broad cement flagging outside dazzled one's eyes. The twelve upper stories of buff terra cotta fronted the dingy street in dandified newness. Time had put no speck or nick in the white marbles of the rotunda. The brass grills which enclosed the elevator shafts were as sharp as fresh-minted coins.

A side door, convenient for bashful speculators, opened from the rotunda to the brokers' offices, which had a front door on La Salle Street. The rosewood, plate-glass, and cream-tinted walls of the offices were in pristine freshness. In the big back room where the customers of the house lounged and watched quotations, the tall blackboards presented an even deadness of unworn funereal surface. In the small room at the front, sacred to the heads of the house and to weighty business, the rugs, tables, and chairs were almost too new to use.

Nevertheless the partners were not altogether happy. The firm had started modestly three years before in the upper story of a second-rate building. It had prospered. But this new, lavish setting meant an expense account of ten thousand dollars a year, including the private wire to New York, and there was fifty thousand dollars for the membership in the New York Stock Exchange. The market had not picked up very fast after the slump of the spring. Trade, in fact, was dull—and the expense account was active.

Hartley Burt, the senior partner, sat on a table in the front room. He was a young man of large and full figure—fat, some people called him. The heavy lids, drooping over black eyes, gave his broad, florid, large-featured face an odd cast. Westlake, of Burt's own age, lounged, sprawling, in one of the new chairs, and lifted a large foot comfortably to the seat of another. A derby hat was thrust back on his partly bald head. He was smoking and staring out of the window at the passing show.

"Dull; yes, you bet," he said, without moving his eyes. "If it don't pick up pretty soon, I guess we'll be what Shakespeare called up against the real thing."

"Pshaw! It'll pick up," said Burt confidently. "Blast it, it's got to pick up! We need the money!" He laughed, in a quiet, deep-toned way.

"It would be an outrage to shut up as fine an office as this just because we couldn't pay the rent on it," said Westlake, and laughed, too.

"It pinches a little up at the house," the senior partner confessed, soberly. "We ought to get hold of some of that Salt crowd's trade."

The offices of the Illinois Coal and Iron Company occupied all of the thirteenth and fourteenth stories of the La Salle Building—a fact which the partners had more or less in mind when they finally closed the contract for the expensive ground-floor rooms. Henry Salt, president of the Coal and Iron Company, walked by their side door every day, going to and from the elevators. And if they could get even a little of the stock trade of Henry Salt and his personal followers they would not need to worry over the ten thousand dollars a year. Salt dealt in stocks by the ream. The commissions on his business would take care of the expense account.

"That's a fact. We ought to get some of it," said Westlake. "The old man looked in at the door this morning. He said, 'You've got good offices. Is it going to rain?' I said, 'No, I guess it won't rain.' If we don't get his business after that he's a lobster." The junior partner spread his face in an appreciative grin.

"If we don't get his trade," said Burt,

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with his deep-toned laugh, "we'll send him a bill for looking in."

"Sure!" Westlake crowed. "Henry Salt, debtor, to one expert opinion on the weather, a thousand dollars!"

"We'll get him some day," Burt declared, with quiet assurance. "We'll be in a position to do him a favor some day; to tell him something he wants to know, and after that it will be clear sailing—the old goat! C. I. is pretty soft just now. Wonder what's up."

"Say, that reminds me. There's a suit of some sort pending against 'em—something about that Fox Valley deal, isn't there? I remember something about it. Dixon was saying to-day that there was going to be a decision pretty soon, and that's what's making the stock weak."

"Yes, there is a suit. Let's see." Burt turned to the filing case on top of his desk. "Oh, yes. That fellow Bynum, don't you remember? Bynum had two hundred shares of Fox Valley Iron Works stock. Salt bought up the rest of the stock, but Bynum wouldn't sell. Then Salt leased the Fox Valley to the Coal and Iron Company, and after a while Bynum brought suit—claimed the Coal and Iron Company was a trust, a combination in restraint of trade under the Illinois law, and asked to have the lease set aside. I remember it now. The Circuit Court found against Bynum, and he took the case to the Appellate Court. A decision coming, you say?"

"So Dixon says. Wonder if it's Judge Martin? If it is we might go up there to dinner and chloroform the judge and get the decision, and hand it over to Salt on a contract that he'd give us half his stock trade."

They laughed over this, in the way of men inured to chance, who cannot stay downcast very long.

"Wanted—recipe to catch Salt. Do you put a bird on his tail?" said Burt, and they parted, laughing.

II.

At half-past one Henry Salt, walking back from lunch through the rain, made a wet trail across the white marble floor of the rotunda. A car was ready for the ascent. The starter had given the signal and the door was closing. The starter caught sight of this dripping figure and whirled back and caught the closing door, with a gesture to the conductor to hold the car. But the president of C. I. turned calmly aside and walked to the door of Burt, Westlake & Co.'s back room. He could see the figures on the blackboard from the door. Of the seven men lounging in the room five were instantly aware that Salt stood in the door. Hartley Burt was one of the five. He nodded, smiling slightly, and for the sake of his dignity, took time to measure the figure in the doorway—a broad, bulky, high-shouldered figure, indifferently dressed, rain dripping from the brim of his soft hat upon his wet, unprotected shoulders.

Salt took off his hat, mechanically, and shook the water from the brim. His stiff, close-clipped, brownish hair was thickly sprinkled with gray. There were wrinkles in his flat red face. But as he stood, heavy and bull-like, looking over at the blackboard, he gave the impression of inexhaustible vitality.

Burt walked across the room in a leisurely way. He carried himself well, with his chin up.

"Why didn't you stop in and borrow an umbrella? I'd have lent you one," he said, as he came before Salt.

The president of C. I. grinned a very little. "Market's dull, eh?" he said.

"Yes—dull and soft. The crowd seems mostly bearish—rather sell than buy."

"What's C. I. there? Hundred and eight?" Salt asked.

Burt glanced back at the board. "Yes, hundred and eight—two points down from the opening. A good many people seem to be selling it. Afraid of the court decision, I suppose."

"Well, I don't know but I'll sell some myself," said Salt meditatively.

The broker waited, his heavy-lidded black eyes on the magnate's face. Was Salt going to give him an order? Two words now would settle that expense account.

"Can't keep a stock up if every court is going to take a fall out of the company," Salt grumbled.

"You won in the lower court," Burt suggested.

"Yes. And we ought to win now. But a court is uncertain. Wish I knew what this one was going to do." The slight grin reappeared. "I'd know then whether to sell or buy. You've got good offices."

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Salt turned calmly and made for the elevators with his vigorous waddle. The saving two words were not spoken. Burt loitered a moment glancing after the bull-like, wet, indifferently dressed figure, and as he looked the lust to succeed stiffened his will. "All the same I'll get you some day," he thought.

He was turning back to the blackboard when the young woman who sat by the door of the private room and did their typewriting, glided up.

"Mr. Martin—Judge Martin's son—is in your room. He wishes to see you right away," she said, in an aside.

Burt entered the front room holding out his hand, saying, "Hello, Eddie."

The young man within sprang up in nervous haste and seized the extended hand. "Say, old man, I want to see you," he began, excitedly.

There was a certain suspense and aloofness in Burt's manner as he stood before his caller, measuring him with steady, deliberate eyes. He had the advantage of five years' seniority and of the solid character as opposed to the light one. Most of all he had the advantage which the presentable reputation holds over the unpresentable one. This young man was slender, graceful, and dressed like a dandy. His complexion was fair as a girl's; his blue eyes looked frank and merry; his lips were always ready to laugh, and there was no sign anywhere of the incurable scapegoat which every one knew him for.

"What is it, Eddie?" said the broker, steadily.

"It's straight business!" The blue eyes flashed out a laugh. "I've scraped some money together—forty-eight hundred dollars in real money; no stage greenbacks this time." He would have his joke on himself even amid his evident excitement. "I want you to take that for margin, and sell five hundred shares of Illinois Coal and Iron for me. Can you?"

"Yes. I can sell it for you," said Burt, secretly surprised at so fair a proposition from Eddie.

"Good! Say, do it right now, will you? The market's closing."

Burt stepped to the door and spoke to the stenographer.

"You'll probably lose your money, Eddie," he said coolly, as he turned back to the young man.

"Not on your life! Say, old man, it's a cinch!" The caller's excitement visibly rose. It shone in his eyes. "See here, now." He edged close to Burt, speaking rapidly. "You know there's a suit pending against the company in the Appellate Court—fellow named Bynum said it was a trust and all that." Burt nodded. "Well, the old man's writing the decision in that case. He's doing it at home. I was rummaging through his desk little while ago, looking for a letter of mine he'd collared—what you might call an incriminating document. Oh, he's a regular pirate when it comes to collaring my things! Well, I ran across the draft of the decision. Say, it's a Joe dandy! Court takes a fall out of C. I. at every turn. Sets aside that lease of the Fox Valley plant; holds that the company is a trust, an illegal combination in restraint of trade. It's done in the old man's best manner; same one he uses on me about twice a week. Quotes the law and the decisions; makes a grand spiel about the duty of courts to enforce the statutes, says the attorney-general ought to proceed against the company and take away its charter; asks why the Grand Jury doesn't indict the managers under the criminal section of the anti-trust act. Oh, it's a peacherino! Say, that ought to knock C. I. off ten, fifteen points, oughtn't it?"

"Maybe," said Burt dully.

"Well, then, what do you say? Suppose we make that order a thousand shares instead of five hundred. I need some money infernally, old man."

"Better let it be at five hundred, Eddie. That's less than ten points margin."

"Well—of course if you say so," said Martin reluctantly, and with a lingering hope. "But, see here, why don't you jump in and get short of a lot of C. I. yourself? Make all the money you can out of it, old man. I'm willing!" The blue eyes and red lips flashed an engaging smile.

When Burt got back to the rear room he saw, with relief, that the market had closed. The lounging customers who wore out his new chairs so liberally and traded so meagrely were gone. He heard Westlake asking for him in the middle room, and heard one of the clerks say that he had gone out. He did not contradict it. He knew then—it was about the first thing he did definitely know—that he was not going to tell Westlake what he had just heard. Whatever

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was done he was going to do it alone. This decision to do it himself was not in any degree premeditated. It was simply the leading of an instinctive sense.

In this game of speculation all was as fair as in love or war. The only thing was to win. Information gained, no matter how, was part of the game. Without an instant's consideration, Burt knew that if Westlake had foreknowledge of the court's decision he would sell C. I., and tell his friends to sell it, and be no more troubled by a scruple than would a general who took advantage of the enemy's secret. That was part of the game. Burt's ambition was to be a successful broker, to build up a great house, to attract big operators—and, just now, to overcome that ominous expense account. Eddie Martin's disclosure presented itself to his mind, not so much as a "tip" for a speculation of his own, as a bait to catch Henry Salt with. If he gave Salt this information Salt would give him some trade. That was the bigger game. If the information had come to him in a little different way his course would have been perfectly plain; he would have told Salt, and he would have had no qualms about it. But a personal equation confused his play.

He knew Judge Martin and honored him as a sincere and upright man. He knew Judge Martin's wife and liked her. Judge Martin's daughter was his own wife's friend. She came rather often to his place in Edgewater. Some way a picture of her, close beside Rachel in the cool of his veranda, on his small, shady lawn, or upstairs in Rachel's room, persisted in his mind and confused his play. Rachel and the babies got mixed up in it. He sat staring at the blackboard, slowly smoking, not really thinking at all; but turning around in his labyrinth.

At three o'clock he got up. He wanted both to go home and to go anywhere but home. While he stood, undecided, Henry Salt stepped out of an elevator and started to the street with his strong, awkward gait.

This burly, bovine figure abruptly dramatized the difficulty. It was Opportunity personified. How very easy it was! The simplest matter of walking rapidly across the rotunda and speaking half a dozen words under his breath. Opportunity and Success were passing his door. He felt a kind of rage against his scruples, as though he had been unjustly caught in some silly sort of trap. It was a man's game, after all! The strong fighting blood came up into his brain. To rush forward, trampling over the small things in one's way; to seize success, grapple with it, win it! At bottom the man who lacked the courage to do that never deserved success! All this stirred hotly in his mind. Yet he stood there, motionless, while Salt disappeared.

His place in Edgewater was modest enough—a two-story red brick house with white blinds and a wide white porch, a foot above the ground level, on two sides. The abundant vines and the oak trees about it, and the little thicket of shrubbery on the trim lawn, gave a secluded and country-like effect. Burt was rather proud of the place. He was proud of his wife. She came up to the porch from the lawn, in a dainty linen suit, the chubby little girl and the chubbier littler boy clinging to her skirts and clamoring with infantile mirth. She sat down in the willow rocker beside Burt.

"How good the early summer evenings are," she said, with a full content.

Burt noticed again her beautiful white hands, one of which rested on the arm of his chair. Suddenly he thought, "Her hands are beautiful, mine are strong. It's her part to have sweetness; mine to have force. I'd be doing better to go out and win for her in a man's way, rather than try to have her gentle qualities. What am I hesitating about?"

He took the hand which lay on the arm of his chair, beautifully shaped, white, smooth as velvet to the touch, with pink nails. The pretty, soft fingers closed lightly over his broad, hard palm, and a singular power came from them—something indescribable which yet compelled him. An odd thrill touched his heart. He felt that he must do right.

III.

C. I. opened at 107½, moved up ¼, looked dull almost to the point of lifelessness. The market, on the whole, seemed a trifle stronger and more active.

Burt read this much from the figures on the blackboard. The house had not a single trade to make that morning. Westlake was a bit glum.

About eleven o'clock Eddie Martin hurried in. Jim (Jim Riner, his cousin and pal) had scraped up twenty-seven hundred dollars, and wanted to sell five hundred

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shares of C. I. Would Burt do it for him? They'd make it a joint account between himself and Jim. There would be seventy-five hundred dollars' margins on one thousand shares—and it was a cinch anyway. The old man was working on the decision again last night. Had Burt sold any stock for his own account?

The broker accepted Jim's order to sell. He felt an inexplicable helplessness to do otherwise. The thing played back and forth in his own mind. Maybe he was going to tell Salt. He could not say that he wasn't. The possibility kept dodging about in his thought. He could say to himself calmly, "It's quite likely that I'll give it away to Salt to-day."

"He's working on the decision, loading in more ginger. I saw it again this morning," said Eddie, excitedly, his eyes burning.

Unexpectedly Burt found himself seizing the young man's arm in a tight grip.

"See here, Martin!" (He had always called him Eddie before.) "See here! For heaven's sake keep your mouth shut about this! Don't tell anybody!" He gave the arm a slight shake. "Don't you see your father's position?"

"Oh, that's all right, old man! That's all right!" Eddie laughed nervously. "I won't go around tipping it off. I've only told you and Jim. Blast the old man! If he didn't treat me like a beggar I'd have some consideration for him. But I'll keep mum—regular clam."

"C. I.'s soft as butter," said Westlake when Burt went into the back room. The price was drooping. It was not a break; not a sharp, decisive movement. The stock hung dully at 107¼; then slipped down to 107; presently there was a sale at 106¾. No further quotations came for twenty minutes; then it was 106½, ⅛, 106. Then the quotations stopped again. The whole market had turned listless.

Burt was acutely aware of the approach of the half hour between one and two. The moment Salt appeared in the doorway he knew it. He sauntered over, carrying himself well, with his chin up; but his very blood tingled.

"Soft again, eh?" said the fortune-maker.

"Soft," said Burt. "C. I. is down to 104." His heavy-lidden eyes were on Salt's face, and he had a strange sense of imparting the secret to him, as a man about to stab might see the knife in the wound before the blow was struck.

"Maybe somebody's got a line on that decision. Court may have tipped it off to some friends," Salt suggested, half jocularly. "I wish they'd tip it off to me."

Burt was silent. How easy! Merely to whisper a word and the thing would be done. Even when Salt turned away to the elevators the thing seemed so near, so simple—merely a motion of the eyelid, the crook of a finger, the gentle pressure of a noiseless trigger. But the thing was not done. When Salt disappeared the first thought in Burt's mind was, "Maybe I'll tell him to-morrow."

C. I. closed at 101. In the morning Eddie came in early. There was seven points profit on his five hundred shares and six points on Jim's five hundred. That would make them winners by sixty-five hundred dollars if they closed the trade then. But they didn't propose to close the trade with the decision undelivered, and the decline in C. I. only started. They wanted Burt to sell one thousand shares more for their joint account on the strength of their profit. That would make two thousand shares in all that they would be short, and ten points more on that, say, would exactly set them up in business.

Again Burt accepted the order because he felt helpless to refuse it. He and Eddie still potentially stood together. Maybe he would tell Salt that day. But again Salt came and went untold.

Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday came and passed. The market was getting stronger and more active. But C. I. hung between par and 101 in a stubborn sort of way. Somebody seemed ready to buy as much as was offered.

At 10.45 Thursday morning the electric printing machine in Burt, Westlake & Co.'s back room ground out this bulletin: "Appellate Court decides Illinois Coal and Iron suit against the company." Ten minutes later an amplified report began coming in. The decision was sweeping, holding against the company at every point, declaring it to be a trust, illegal, in restraint of trade. There was a burst of excitement along La Salle Street. C. I. was sold right and left.

But the market was a puzzle. C. I. went off a bare two points to 99. There it stuck. Every share offered was promptly taken.

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Friday morning C. I. opened at 100. Ten minutes later it was at 115. At the end of the first half hour's trading it was at 125. Then everybody knew. The shorts were frantically trying to cover, and the stock was cornered. Of course Salt had cornered it. The Salt crowd had taken another trick.

It happened that Burt was over at the bank when the market opened. As he was coming out ten minutes later Westlake was running up the steps wild-eyed. He clutched the senior partner's arm.

"Have you seen the market?" he panted. "Looks like a corner in C. I. It was up to 108 when I left the office and climbing. We're short two thousand shares for young Martin and Riner."

Burt hurried back to the office in time to see the boy set down the quotation 118 for Coal and Iron. He stood looking at the figures. That extraordinary confusion which had perplexed his will for a week was upon him now. Something paralyzed the clarity and swiftness of decision upon which he had prided himself. He felt himself inextricably involved in a drama which was working itself out beyond his volition. The only refuge of his confused mind lay in doing nothing, as though he had someway lost the power of independent action.

"There'll be a reaction from this advance. The shorts are panic-stricken. It'll go off again," he said to Westlake. And he tried to comfort himself with the words, although they sounded stupid even to himself.

"Well," said Westlake, dubiously, but accepting the senior partner's decision. He gave Burt an odd look. The senior's broad face was composed as usual. "Well," Westlake repeated; "if you say so." His own face cleared. Burt usually knew what he was about. At any rate a fellow must take his chances as they came.

C. I. stopped at 125 simply because the shorts stopped bidding for it. None was offered at less. There was no doubt about the corner. Salt had all the stock. The shorts would buy only on his terms.

It was simple arithmetic for Burt, Westlake & Co. They were short two thousand shares of C. I., on which, with the stock at 125 there was a loss of forty-two thousand five hundred dollars. Against this loss they held seventy-five hundred dollars in margins. The idea of calling upon Eddie Martin and Jim Riner for the difference was too ridiculous to be considered. The stock would drop back, Burt kept telling himself, to a point where the house could get out with little or no loss.

But C. I. did not drop. After a ten-minute lull the shorts began trying to cover. C. I. moved up ten points; then fifteen, without a sale between 135 and 150, where it stood at eleven o'clock.

To the senior partner, sitting in the back room, the thing had all the cruelty of a torture chamber. That movement from 135 to 150 was like a sharp turn of the boot, a sudden, powerful stretching of the rack. His heart turned to lead, and he slowly gathered himself up. With C. I. at 150 their loss was ninety thousand dollars, and that meant simple, complete ruin. A second and peremptory demand for margins came from their New York correspondents.

Burt wired back, "I am going to get the stock to deliver."

Probably that good, bold lie would carry them through the day. When he looked up from writing the telegram C. I. stood at 160.

It was ruin, good and plenty. If the correspondents wouldn't take his word they would close out the deal, sell his membership to pay what it would of the deficit and throw Burt, Westlake & Co. into bankruptcy. It was pretty rough to ruin Westlake as well as himself.

IV.

At half-past three, when Burt stepped out of the elevator on the fourteenth floor of the La Salle Building, he looked as calm, as contented, and as well-kept as ever. The suit of dark blue flannel, with a light linen vest and the white straw hat, was rather becoming to his large, full person and broad, large-featured face.

Such other possible expedients as he had been able to think of during the day had failed. This was the forlorn hope—a last resort before he went home to tell Rachel that he was broke.

He had never been up here before, and he asked the way to Mr. Salt's office of the boy who sat at a little desk in the corridor opposite the elevator landing. The door down the corridor marked "President" admitted him to a small and bare anteroom. The boy took his card to the next room. In

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a moment a thick-set, smooth-faced young man came out, palpably taking stock of the caller as he advanced. Burt's card was in his hand.

"You wished to see Mr. Salt?" he asked. "What about, Mr. Burt?" he put the plump question with a certain good humor, referring to the card for the name, as though it were perfectly understood between them that all sorts of impossible people wished to see Henry Salt.

"Our offices are on the ground floor," said the broker, as though that constituted a sort of relationship. "I've something to say to Mr. Salt. I think he will see me all right," he spoke with perfect good humor and smiled confidently.

"I'll see," said the young man, who had caught the impression that the visit was for Salt's benefit rather than the visitor's. He disappeared with the card, and after a moment came to the door and beckoned.

The secretary opened the door of the third room from the anteroom. Burt took off his hat and found himself alone with the president. Salt sat at a large, littered desk, in a spacious, well-furnished corner room with light on two sides. Burt advanced and took the vacant chair at the end of the desk. Salt looked up.

"Well, what is it?" said the president, without courtesy and without offence. He was ready to listen; but his time was valuable.

"I'm short two thousand shares of Coal and Iron for a customer who has no more margins," said Burt calmly.

The president's heavy brows gathered in an angry frown. His hand moved toward the row of electric call buttons at the edge of his desk. "What the devil do you expect me to do about that?" he demanded.

"I expect you to sell me the stock at a price I can stand, or to lend it to me for a while, or to sell it to me at the corner price and take my notes, unsecured, in part payment. I can't get the stock to deliver. My customer can't get it. I can't pay 160 for it, because I haven't that much money. I'm broke at 150. I want you to let me out." He spoke quietly, looking the other square in the eye. He knew it to be the very crisis, and from somewhere within him there came up an ample power to meet it. He knew that he was not going to be afraid or to cringe. An inscrutable joy in his own readiness touched his mind. His broad face lighted with a frank, good-humored smile.

Salt stared at him, gloweringly. "Say, I like your nerve," he declared. "What do you feed it on? I want the recipe. What do you think I'm doing here?" he burst out more angrily. "Think I'm running a crippled children's home?"

"No; it's plain business," said Burt quietly, smiling again. "If I'm forced to settle at the corner price it will simply break me, and you'll get only half what's coming to you. If you give me time I can pay out. I can make money."

"The devil you can!" said Mr. Salt, with fine sarcasm. "How? By toddling into the first corner you find lying around loose?"

"No. What money I have I've made. I can make more. What good will it do you to break me?"

"I'm going to do it for the good it will do you. Every young man who tries speculation ought to be broke a couple of times. It teaches him to respect other people's opinions a little."

"Well, I've had the lesson now," said Burt.

"Who are your customers? How'd you come to be short two thousand shares?" the president demanded.

Burt considered briefly. "My customers are Eddie Martin, Judge Martin's son, and his cousin."

"Oh! They knew what the decision was going to be, then!"

"Very likely."

"And you knew it, too!" Salt's hard eye was upon him. Burt said nothing, simply waiting. "Yes, you knew it!" the president declared. "And—say, you have got the nerve! You wouldn't give me the tip; but you'd come around here and ask me to help you out of the hole."

"Judge Martin is my friend. His family and mine are on intimate terms," said the broker simply.

"Why don't you go to your friend to help you, then?" Salt suggested.

"Of course I shouldn't do that, even if he had the ability. I'd look nice telling him his son went short of the stock with foreknowledge of the decision, and that I was the broker who made the trade for him."

"I see. Wouldn't like to hurt his feelings." Salt passed his hand over his stubbled chin and considered. His manner was

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not reassuring. "Naturally I'm not so careful of the feelings of a man who says I ought to be indicted," he went on with an ominous softness. "It would work out all right if you went broke. Then, of course, it would all come out in the bankruptcy proceedings that Judge Martin's son went short two thousand shares of C. I. just before Judge Martin delivered an important decision against the company—and Judge Martin could explain that to the newspapers any way he liked. Wouldn't that be a rather pretty situation?"

"No, it wouldn't be a pretty situation at all." The broker spoke quietly, gravely, his heavy-lidden eyes steadily on the other's face. "You know, Mr. Salt, and I know that there are people in the world who never get into the game at all—this money-making game, I mean. They have no idea what it is. With you in your bigger way, and with me in my smaller way, it's a good deal of a muddy sort of scramble. We care enough for the game not to mind the mud. But the clean, fresh people—you wouldn't get along without them any more than I would. They're mostly women, those people; but now and then there's a man, too. Judge Martin is as sincere a man as ever lived, and his daughter and my wife are friends."

Salt folded his hands over his paunch, holding himself by a big, hairy wrist, and looked at the younger man with a calm scrutiny. "It would be a crime," he said gently, "to break a young man with your nerve. You come up here without an invitation to ask me to pull you out of the hole you've got into by selling my stock short, and you tell me you knew the decision was coming against me, and then you tell me that I'm a muddy person. You seem to agree with Judge Martin that I ought to be indicted."

"Then you'll lend me the stock," said Burt coolly.

"Lend you the stock? What good will that do?"

"Oh, I suppose it will go down again after the shorts settle," said Burt easily.

"You do, do you? And you're the man who's going to make me some money in the stock business! That stock will go up to 200, Mr. Broker. Why, you sucker, do you suppose this decision is going to hurt it? That was my suit. Bynum was my man. I had the suit started because I wanted these questions settled. Do you think I've been sitting around here asleep all the time? We'll simply reorganize in New Jersey. The papers are all ready now. If I lent you the stock at 160 you'd be worse off than ever in ten days."

"Well, sell it to me then and take my notes for part."

"As one muddy friend to another, eh?"

"As a large man to a small one."

Salt studied him a moment. "We'll put it as a weak old man to a youngster with a cast-iron nerve. I wouldn't break you for a million dollars. I want to see what that nerve of yours will do. I'll tell my brokers to settle with you at 125."

"That's very good of you, Mr. Salt," said the broker, quietly, rising. "I will not forget it."

Salt had already turned to his desk, and the caller turned to the door.

"Burt!" the president called with harsh abruptness. The broker turned back to find the old man's eye hard upon him. "I've told you something—about what I'm going to do with the company. Nobody else knows it outside the office."

The broker flushed slightly; he bent a little forward; his chin up. "I didn't give away Judge Martin's decision to you," he said.

"All right," said Salt, briefly, and satisfied. "Of course I wanted it understood that it was confidential." He turned his eyes to the work before him. "Before I tie up with a man," he added, as though he were addressing the papers before him, "I want to know about how muddy he's likely to be."

Westlake was waiting in the office below. "Settling at 125 cuts deep just now," said Burt, after explaining that they were released from the corner; "but we'll get some of Salt's trade."

He was cheerful to the point of gayety on the wide white porch that fine evening.

"Have the kinks come out of your business, then?" his wife asked smiling. He had told her nothing; but she had easily guessed a trouble at the office.

"All the kinks are out!" he replied. He took her hand—beautifully shaped, white, velvet to the touch. A dumb reverence for its soft power stirred his heart. He spread her fingers and kissed the pink palm.

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The Woman Who Forgot

By
Eleanor Hoyt.

Pictures by
Harold Heartt Foley.

HELEN DAWSON leaned back in her uncomfortable chair and listened, with an encouraging smile, to the man at her right. He was expounding the law and gospel of game preservation. The game laws had held out through five courses; and, with several states and all of the territories still untouched, the subject might reasonably be expected to last through the dinner. On the strength of this logical supposition, the young woman felt justified in trusting the situation to the smile and allowing her thoughts to wander.

She wondered, rather wearily, why one suffered and endured, to the end of being considered a desirable dinner guest. She had attained the distinction during her first season. Ever since, she had been reaping the reward of virtue, in the shape of impossible dinner partners.

"He's rather hopeless, dear; but you can manage any one," said the hostess, with affectionate admiration; and, under that stimulus, Helen took up her burden of freak or boor or plain idiot, and carried him triumphantly from oysters to coffee.

Looking at the thing dispassionately, the game did not seem worth the candle. She was inclined to believe that the bovine woman across the table, at whom a conscientious little man was hurling conversational darts in banderilla fashion, had chosen the better part. Why try to be entertaining? Why lead a man on to talk game laws through innumerable courses? If she were consistently dull, clever men would be detailed to float her, to keep her conversational head above water. As it was, she herself was a patent conversation preserver, and her guardian angel slept while her hostesses sorted their dinner cards.

She studied the mass of pink roses in the centre of the table carefully, exhaustively. Then, suddenly, with a certain air of resolve, raised her wonderful gray eyes and looked across the roses at Howard Colby.

He was talking to a blonde woman with expressive shoulders and an overworked dimple. The pink light from the shaded candles seemed foolishly out of place on his rugged, smooth-shaven face. Helen noticed with a touch of whimsical amusement its impotent effort to soften the outlines of the stubborn jaw and the firm lips. The face was made for uncompromising white light, she thought. At the hint, memory brushed aside the roses and the rose-light and showed her the dark, strong face in a

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blaze of sunlight, against a blinding glare of summer sea.

It was in August, on the cliff. There had been other days before that—days that counted for gay comradeship and happiness—but it was then that the man's face came between her and the sea, shutting out the waves, the sky, the world, stooping to her with reckless eyes and with thirsty lips, begging, demanding, taking, while her own eyes closed and her life anchors dragged at their cables.

She had gone away—and he had not followed her. One may be weak, and not quite mad.

In August. Now December had come. She had seen him once since then—once, in a crowd. His wife had been back from Europe since September. She was talking to the host at the other end of the table, an overdressed little woman with peevish insipidity written in every line of her face. Boy and girl love-matches are uncertain investments in this world of changing values. Helen looked at her; then her eyes wandered back across the roses. Measured by heartache, the months had been long. There had been time for a man to forget.

Suddenly the man turned from the woman beside him, turned swiftly, surely, as though answering a call, and his dark eyes met the gray ones in the shimmering rose-light.

Days? Years? August had come back for its own.

"So Idaho is still a happy hunting ground?" the woman heard her own voice saying, in response to a period in the hunter's monologue. The smile that had encouraged him was still on her lips.

She did not look across the roses again. Opposite her, a doctor, famous for his psychical experiments, was riding his hobby. Snatches of his talk floated to her and mixed with the Idaho stories.

"There's no doubt about it," he was saying emphatically; "the moral uses of hypnotism are simply incalculable—incalculable. I've had the most wonderful results, and yet we are only at the beginning of the thing. We haven't really crossed the threshold. I've cured the cigarette habit. I've set dipsomaniacs on their feet. I've banished the morphine devils. I've—Why, good heavens, I'm coming mighty near miracle working, and I'm not fairly started. I only hope I'll live to see the thing develop."

The doctor's voice sank to a lower level. Helen found herself straining her ears to catch his words.

"Infatuation? Why, of course. That is right in line," he said in answer to some question from his companion. "I had a remarkable case of that kind—married man, nice wife, charming girl—good girl, too. The man and girl were thrown together while the wife was away. Hopeless infatuation on the man's part. Girl desperately in love. The man was a decent sort, but he didn't have the strength to break the thing off. Neither did the girl. The wife understood and was wretched. Her husband made a clean breast of it to her and she was the right sort. She saw that he was weak, not bad. She didn't row him or blame him. She just quietly broke her heart. The girl wasn't any happier than the wife. Every one was miserable.

"The man came to me. His wife came with him, and the girl knew he was coming. I heard the whole story, and gave

"Talking to a blonde woman with expressive shoulders."

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"DAYS THAT COUNTED FOR GAY COMRADESHIP AND HAPPINESS."

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him a treatment. There was no use in suggesting, at the start, that he didn't love the girl. I took an easier hypnotic line. I told him he couldn't go to her house.

"He walked past there time after time the next day, but he couldn't go up the steps and ring the bell. The girl watched him from behind the curtains. How do I know? She told me. Oh, yes; she came to see me. She thought it might help me to influence him if I knew her. I liked that girl. Funny that two such women could love a man so weak that he had to have another man do his bracing for him.

"Hypnotize her? No; she didn't want to be hypnotized. I don't believe she ever thought of it.

"I cured that man. He doesn't know the girl is on earth; or, if he does, he doesn't care. He's as sane as any one, and his wife is the happiest woman in the town. You never saw two people so grateful. I'm proud of that couple."

Miss Dawson had forgotten the Idaho hunting. She was leaning forward with wide-open eyes and parted lips.

"And the girl?" she asked breathlessly. The doctor looked at her over his glasses.

"The girl?" he echoed. "Oh, yes; the girl. I don't know what became of the girl."

Dr. Winter's waiting-room was crowded at ten o'clock on the morning after the dinner. It was usually crowded. The patients justified their title and cultivated patience on a monumental scale. If they could not wait, they might go. Which alternative they chose was a matter of utter indifference to the doctor.

He could afford to be independent. The old following which he had gained as a general practitioner of unusual ability was loyal. His reputation as a pioneer in the medical movement toward applied psychics brought him a host of patients, and, rather to his distress, he found himself becoming a fad. For him, an interview with a patient did not mean merely looking at a tongue, feeling a pulse, and writing a prescription. It meant a study of mental, moral, and physical conditions, and a determined effort to subjectively control those conditions. If he could hypnotize and treat a patient in half an hour, well and good. If it required three hours, quite as well, quite as good. The one vital question was the success of the effort. Meanwhile, the patients in the outer room waited, or went home.

Helen Dawson waited.

While she waited she thought. The struggle had gone with the night. Now she was only very tired, and, in a dull, numb way, indifferent. She did not shrink from telling her story to the man behind the closed office doors. The crucifixion of her soul had come when she acknowledged to herself that she must clutch at some support outside herself. Now her pride lay mute and motionless.

It mattered very little to what source she turned for help. She had failed, herself. Heart hunger was stronger than her conscience. A better woman would have found strength in prayer. She had told herself that, over and over. Well, then, she was not good. She had prayed, prayed blindly and passionately for months. The prayer had not been an unreasonable one, only a cry for courage. "Make me brave, make me brave, make me brave." She had never asked for happiness.

A girl may pray for happiness. The woman's prayer is, "Make me brave."

And this woman had thought her prayer answered, because she learned a dumb endurance and no temptation came her way.

She smiled an unmirthful smile, to think how swiftly her carefully builded house of cards had fallen when she started from the dressing-room to her carriage the night before and found him waiting at the foot of the stairs.

She had known he would be there. She was conscious of him even before she saw him. The consciousness thrilled through every vein and nerve, clutched at her heart and at her throat; but, because she was a woman, trained in the Spartan school of social convention, she was conscious, too, of the two motionless, observant footmen by the door.

She went down the stairs slowly, carelessly, a gracious, slender figure all in shimmering white. She met the reckless upturned face and hungry eyes with smiling indifference.

"You will be at home to-morrow at three?" he asked, as he stood by the open carriage door; and she had answered "No" quite coolly, quite positively.

"I shall come," he said, as positively.

The door closed. The carriage rolled away into the night, and the woman, sinking down among the furs, shook dumbly

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with the nervous chill that is so often the price of a woman's dry eyes.

Brave! She knew herself for a coward—but she was glad to remember that the "No" was said with steady lips.

The night was long, and in the morning she still looked herself in the eyes contemptuously and said, "Coward!" Yet there are different kinds of courage. It is a strong woman who recognizes her own weakness and acknowledges it. Few men are brave enough for that. Helen Dawson had been honest with herself. Perhaps, after all, the prayers were not quite unanswered.

"You will see him when he comes," she said to herself scornfully.

"If not to-morrow, then another day. You are weak. Your conscience will not stand against his calling and the answer in your heart. You have thought yourself strong because he was strong, or generous, or cautious—who knows which?—but now——"

Then, wincing under the lash of her own self-knowledge and contempt, she thought of the girl who would not be hypnotized; but who was willing that the man should forget. She had been sorry for the girl when she heard the story; had thought her brave. Now she called her fool. To be willing to forget, to accept healing, there was the real courage. If hypnotism could put one beyond temptation, if it could prevent the ruin of lives, there was cowardice in refusing its aid.

The price was the giving up of memories that were the heart of life! Well, one paid the price. Cowardice! Courage! Who could mark the boundary lines between the two? To be self-sufficient might be best, but, surely, to pay the penalty of weakness must be good.

The man had given up the struggle. If this doctor who played with souls could give her the power her moral nature lacked, that would be better than shipwreck.

The office door opened. A white-capped nurse came quietly to the side of the woman whose great, gray eyes were staring wearily at the smouldering fire in the open grate.

"The doctor will see you now, Miss Dawson," she said, with a note of admiration in her professional tones, and her eyes followed enviously the graceful, exquisitely gowned figure as it passed through the door which closed behind it.

Dr. Winter was used to surprises. If he was surprised to see Helen Dawson, there was nothing in his face or manner to suggest the fact. His keen eyes, behind their glasses, met her slightly defiant eyes with disarming friendliness. He pulled a big armchair before the fire.

"Sit down there, child, and tell me about it," he said cheerfully.

Helen sank into the chair and looked up at the genial face. She was not the sort of woman whom one calls "child." The word sounded odd, but she did not resent it. On the contrary, she liked it. Possibly it was the human kindliness in the voice that made the term distinctly comforting.

She wondered that, meeting Dr. Winter socially, she had never noticed the friendliness in his voice and the encouraging, compelling power in his eyes.

"How much must I tell you?" she asked quietly. "I am in love. It is a sin, and I am a coward. Can you help me?"

Surely her pride was dead and buried deep, she thought, as she listened to her own dull, emotionless voice.

The doctor's eyes were even kindlier than at first.

"We misuse that word 'sin,'" he said gently. "And the man?"

"He—is a man. You do not want to know his name." The doctor shook his head.

"It is altogether hopeless?"

"He is married."

A dull red crept into her cheeks and died there, but the doctor's face showed nothing save sympathy.

"And you see each other often?"

"We have not spoken to each other for months, until yesterday. We have tried to do what was right; but—he is coming this afternoon." There was a ring of helplessness in the low voice. There was a desperate, childish appeal in the upturned face, to whose resolute lips and grave, strong lines a heart was giving the lie.

Dr. Winter put a firm, friendly hand on the woman's shoulder.

"You do not want to see him?"

"I must not."

"But you would?"

"I—love him."

"You could go away from home this afternoon."

"Then it would be to-morrow."

"You want to stop caring?"

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She did not answer for a few moments. She closed her eyes, and her face looked very white and cold and still against the dark leather of the high chair back. At last she met the doctor's eyes.

"Yes," she said slowly, painfully, "I want to stop caring. I want to forget that I ever cared."

The doctor took off his glasses and wiped them carefully, scrupulously.

"You are a brave woman," he said brusquely. "You shall have what you want."

At three o'clock that afternoon, Helen Dawson, sitting in her own room, heard the front door-bell ring. Something cold closed tightly round her heart, but she did not move. A servant tapped at the door and handed her a card.

"Mr. Howard Colby." The letters looked very large and distinct. Mechanically she tore the card in pieces and dropped them carefully, one by one, into the waste basket.

"I—can—not—see—the—gentleman," she said deliberately, as one who repeats a lesson.

The servant hesitated.

"If you please, Miss, he said it was very important."

"A desperate, childish appeal in the upturned face."

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"'Carter, I am never at home to Mr. Colby. Please remember that.'"

"I cannot see him," she repeated, still in the lifeless, measured tone. Then, as the servant turned to go, with a puzzled look on his usually expressionless face, she added:

"Carter, I am never at home to Mr. Colby. Please remember that."

The door closed behind him. She made a quick movement toward the window, but stopped, stood for a moment, listening vaguely, sat down in her chair, and picked up her book.

Howard Colby called again, and again. He was not a man to accept defeat readily, and he told himself that she had not forgotten, that her conscience, not her heart, fought against him. He haunted the houses of her intimate friends, but she did not come. She went nowhere in those days, save to the doctor's. The friends mentioned casually that she was ill—a touch of grippe they believed—nothing serious.

Gradually the space between the visits to Dr. Winter's office lengthened. Gradually the fever and unrest faded from her days. After two weeks she began her social round once more. The second evening she met Howard Colby, but the meeting gave her no special sensation of any kind. He was an agreeable man, and he was undeniably good-looking; but he was nothing to her.

She met his few hot words of reproach and pleading with a certain mild surprise. No breath of August stirred in her heart. No hint of answering passion wakened. She was not angry—only profoundly indifferent. He went away, white with rage and pain, cursing the folly of man and the fickleness of woman; but surgery may heal mind as well as body. The knife had cut deep enough to cure.

So the man forgot.

They met often. He was but one man of many to her.

They were never alone together.

She walked through the days serenely, gayly. No one noticed a change in her; but, sometimes, in the midst of her content, she was conscious of a vague sense of loss,

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of a something missing, whose absence brought no grief.

January slipped by. February followed. The woman who had forgotten still drove regularly to the house on the quiet side street where Dr. Winter's name was carved on an old brass knocker. There were ten days between the visits now; but the hypnotist was not yet willing to say that his suggestion had become a fixed idea, that he had worked a permanent cure.

In March, bad news came. Robert Dawson, Helen's only brother, was critically ill in Quebec.

She took the first train for Quebec, and began a sturdy fight against death for a man's life.

For a week the struggle was a grim one, with the odds against doctor and nurse. During the second week the chances were even. On the nineteenth day the doctor turned to Helen and smiled.

"He'll pull through," he said. "Go and rest."

She went to bed for the first time since her arrival in Quebec, and slept the heavy, dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion.

It was late the next day when she wakened.

The house was very still. Her window-shades were down, making a dim half-light in the unfamiliar room. She opened her eyes and looked sleepily around her. Then she stirred restlessly. There was an odd pain in her heart, a queer tightening of her throat that made her feel ill and faint. Perhaps she had tried her strength too far. Was she ill, or only tired, desperately tired?

She lay back on her pillow with pain and unhappiness flooding through brain and body and heart.

It was all familiar. She had lived with it before; but her brain, still clogged with sleep, groped blindly for the meaning of the suffering.

A ray of sunlight filtered through the window-shade and flickered wanly on the wall. Her eyes rested on it drowsily. Such a mere ghost of a sunbeam, she thought wearily. Summer sunshine was a braver thing than that—and at the thought she was awake.

She understood.

All the old memories came surging back—all the love, the struggle, the vain longing.

Peace had gone, but the hurt was here again.

"Thank God! Thank God!" she sobbed, as she gathered the old pain to her heart.

LIFE IN THE MINING REGION.

A STUDY IN STRIKE-TIME OF THE CONDITIONS OF LIVING IN REPRESENTATIVE MINING TOWNS.

By Frank Norris,
Author of "The Octopus."

[Desiring a candid statement of conditions in the anthracite coal regions, Everybody's Magazine commissioned Mr. Frank Norris, the well-known novelist, author of "The Octopus," to visit the territory affected by the strike. His study of the general social conditions, made on the spot, is here presented.—Editor.]

I ARRIVED in Wilkesbarre—the headquarters of the Pennsylvania coal country, and one of the chief storm centres of the great anthracite strike—with very vague and terrible ideas as to what I had gone forth for to see. There would be, of course, lowering groups on the street corners, parades, "demonstrations," mass meetings and the like, patrols about the mines, incipient riots, cart-tail orators fulminating anathemas and thundering about "Humanity," "Justice," and the "Inalienable Rights of Labor." The dry plate of the mental camera had been sensitized to receive just such impressions, and the lens of the observation had been focussed for just such pictures, so that it was distressing, puzzling, and very disappointing to be obliged to readjust the whole instrument to suit a totally different set of conditions and a

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totally unexpected panorama. The town itself lies in a very beautiful valley rimmed and bordered with hills, mostly under cultivation. But surrounding the narrower limits of the little city like a line of military defences are the headgears of the coal mines, each set off and made conspicuous by the vast humpbacked constructions which are called "breakers," and which look for all the world like very dirty wheat elevators sliced in two diagonally, from the upper right hand to the lower left hand corner.

ONE KIND OF MINER'S FAMILY AND COTTAGE.
"The obverse of the shield" portraying Wilkesbarre.

Each of these breakers, together with the power-houses, offices, supplementary shanties and small buildings, is enclosed by a high board fence topped with three or four strands of barbed wire. And these fences and the fact that the works were silent, deserted, no wheel nor drum turning, no engines laboring, no cars rumbling over the tracks, were absolutely the only visible evidences that one of the greatest strikes of modern times was under way.

I would like to have read Great Meanings into these barb-wire barriers, and into this stillness and abandonment of the works. But in all honesty and sincerity it was impossible. At this time nothing —absolutely and literally nothing—nothing of dramatic value had occurred. The men had simply stopped work and the operators had had a conference or two with Mitchell which had come to nothing. Everybody, everything, was merely waiting. The men waited: the operators waited: Mitchell waited: the great cold, grimy engines waited; the rusting cables, the pumps, the drills, all the vast complicated machinery —human and otherwise—of the Pennsylvania anthracite region waited and waited and kept on waiting, while the little city went bustling about its daily routine, running its electric cars, managing its hotels and newspapers, buying and selling, trafficking and trading with deliberate and supreme unconcern.

The March floods which, four months before, had ruined the half-mile race track out towards Edwardsville were—apparently at least —of much more interest to Wilkesbarre than the great strike, and the ruin that was carefully pointed out to me by three different persons (and one of them a miner) had been wrought, not by the wrath of the strikers, but by the inundation of the Susquehanna River. It was the only "evidence of violence" discoverable in all the country-side.

The streets in the mining districts of the suburbs wore simply a Sunday aspect. I saw miners by the thousands,—as a matter of fact all the men upon the streets of Parsons, South Wilkesbarre, Miners' Mills, Stanton and East End were miners. But they seemed to be doing nothing more terrible than taking a day off. Very naturally each corner saloon had its group of loafers, sitting, for the most part, on the steps smoking, ruminating, their elbows on their knees. They were inert, voiceless, and from within the swing-doors of the saloon itself there came no sounds of vehemence; no "oaths and outcries," no crash of fists banging upon the bar, no reverberations of angry discussions. The men simply talked and lounged and smoked.

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Nor were there very many miners thus idly engaged. Not all of them were inert. A very large percentage of them were at their homes, tinkering in their gardens, painting their houses, mowing their lawns. Observe that I speak of lawns—lawns that are mowed. Surely an incongruity here. A miner, a mere pick-and-shovel fellow, uncouth and grimy, down-trodden and persecuted, has no place nor thought for lawns.

But here was the first trenchant surprise—the first radical readjustment of the camera. One speaks of the miners' houses. Hovels, shanties, dreadful hole-in-the-wall places had been the expected things. I was to shudder over them, exclaiming "and human beings, made in the likeness of God, live here,—live thus!"

The reality presented itself to the consideration in the shape of really charming little suburban residences. Residences, as often as not, set in bowers of shade and of honeysuckle, with gravelled walks, trim fences and the spacious, smooth, cool, well-groomed lawns spoken of above. Hammocks and arm chairs were under the shade trees, smart little curtains draped the windows; shining bits of brass set off the doorway. One's self would have been quite satisfied to live in some of the better-kept "hovels and shanties of these down-trodden fellows."

And the ex-miner, who was my guide, told me, if you please, that for the most part these down-trodden ones *own* these little cottages. Some even own two or three and let them out at fifteen, eighteen and twenty dollars the month.

But no doubt this class of miner must work double tides to reach and maintain this pitch of prosperity. I was particular, then, to find out the duration of the time spent "below" in order to earn $150 a month,—the average earnings per man in the Wilkesbarre district. Seven hours a day at the very outside and under normal conditions!

"Why," said the daughter of one of the men, "Father is often home for the day at eleven o'clock."

Work over at eleven o'clock in the morning after seven hours of drilling; $150 a month, free medical treatment in case of accident, fuel during the winter at a price ridiculously small, a good home free of mortgage, an assurance of steady work—and yet a strike of almost unprecedented magnitude.

Into the merits of the case of miner *versus* operator I will not enquire. The rights and wrongs of the Wilkesbarre collier are not under discussion here. Here only is a statement of things seen. And chiefest among these latter stands forth the fact that the average coal striker in the Wilkesbarre country can earn at any time about treble the amount of money per man per month that remunerates the work of many successful dramatists, most novelists and all poets.

"SUNDAY AFTERNOON QUIET."

A miner's child of the self-respecting Wilkesbarre type.

Just what is the direct, immediate, actual cause of the strike is not at all easy to determine. Each man is very apt to propound a different grievance. Most, however, seem to unite in declaring that the cars as they come loaded from out the mine should be

A TYPICAL MINER'S COTTAGE.

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weighed at the mine's mouth, not at the top of the breakers, to reach which they must be hauled up a railway of 45°, so canted and inclined that all the "heap-up" tumbles off.

The operators answer this by declaring that the "heap-up," which is lost, stands for the stones and "waste" coal in the car itself, which is not paid for by the retailers, and that it is a proven fact that dishonest miners, to "make weight," cover the floor of the car with boulders. Whether many or few of the cars are "doctored" by the miners below is a debatable point. The fact that the cars are weighed at the top of the breakers after the "heap-up" is lost is an admitted condition.

With this condition then in mind, and also with a consideration for the good pay, short hours, and cheap fuel that are now enjoyed by the Wilkesbarre miner, his attitude in striking may be viewed in one of two ways.

You may conceive of him as an arrogant, bullying man, who does not know when he is well off, who tries to dictate to an indulgent employer and who is willing to jeopardize the welfare of his family in order to gain an advantage which is practically a non-essential. Or you may with equal plausibility picture him as a man of principle and sturdy ideals who does not strive for the few extra dollars represented by the "heap-up," but for the abolition of a petty and harassing injustice visited upon organized labor by corporate greed and soulless capital.

And, meanwhile, whatever side is right or wrong, winter is coming on; the poor man, the tenement dweller of the cities of the Atlantic Seaboard, must pay a fancy price for coal or else starve and shiver.

A BARB-WIRE FENCE SURROUNDING THE COLLIERIES AT NANTICOKE, PA., WITH "NO TRESPASSING" SIGN PASTED ON THE POST.

Is it time for the Government, through the people, to speak—to act? Has the hour come for the great fiat: The Coal Must Be Mined—The People, the Poor People of the Tenement World *Must* Be Warmed—*Must* Be Fed? Does it seem right that the production of an article so vital, so necessary, so inherent in human life itself shall be thwarted, even interdicted and forbidden, because A and B have a mutual grievance?

Heat is as necessary as air itself. Suppose that twenty men controlled the supply of air and employed twenty thousand others to deliver it to us, and suppose that a quarrel should arise between the twenty on the one hand and the twenty thousand on the other, and that because of this quarrel the supply of air was shut off. Time then, one submits, for rather drastic measures. What have we then, in Heaven's name, to do with the squabbles of you who own the air and you who deliver it! In God's name, gentlemen, *we must live!*

So that sometimes, and looked at from certain view-points, the great strike is not so great after all; does, in fact, shrivel and shrink to a very little thing—a scrambling of midgets, besides the tremendous fact of the need of the Nation.

One reason, no doubt, why the strike is so quiet is that a great many of the miners have gone away. Nearly thirty thousand have left the district. Some (it was harvest time during the days of my visit) were at work in the outlying farms, some had turned tramps, and nearly fifteen thousand had gone back to the old country. Then, too, though they were no longer mining, the miners must none the less earn money—especially the men with families, and there are some thousands of them odd-jobbing all over the State—and thus keeping out of mischief.

Singularly enough one way that these miners supported themselves and families was by the selling of coal. Close to each breaker in every mine, and quite as conspicuous, is what is called the "culm-bank." It bears the same relation to the coal and the collieries as the "tailing" does to the gold-mines. It is a gigantic rectangular pile, easily two thousand feet high, of refuse, of coal dust, and of worthless coal: a

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THE TOWN IN STRIKE-TIME.
A crowd of men and boys chasing a non-union man.

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vast, black, horrid mass, smoking with fine, jetty dust in the breath of every wind.

Most of these culm banks are outside the mine enclosures, and in each and all of them is a certain percentage of good coal—just as there is always some gold in the most carefully milled tailings. At the time of my tour through the coal country these culm-banks were the object of attack from a very large number of men and boys, women and girls, who dug into the waste heap, re-mining good coal of which they secured a surprising quantity. They filled a wagon-load of this in a comparatively short time and then industriously peddled it about the streets of Wilkesbarre. The very fact that they were striking gave them time to do all this, and the very fact that they were striking had made the coal they gathered of unusual value. And the "Company" in no case interferes with this business, though it could easily do so and keep well within its rights. Generously enough—so it would appear—it allows the strikers to take from it the very means of the strength which they use against it.

MANY OF THE STRIKING MEN AND BOYS PICK COAL FROM THE CULM-BANKS AND READILY DISPOSE OF IT AT GOOD PRICES.

So what with this and with that, what with the fine sunshine and the prospects of the beautiful Wyoming Valley opening out at every turn of the road, what with the Sunday afternoon quiet, the pretty cottages and the general air of unconcern and even contentment, what with the impression of fair and more than fair treatment on the part of the operators in their dealings with the miners, one left Wilkesbarre with a very pleasant feeling. For all the fumings of the partisan press and the dreadful tales that had been told in New York, one was sure that God was in Heaven and all *was* right in the world.

Then came Hazelton. The moment the town itself was left behind, the moment the creaking, rapidly travelling buggy began to draw near the collieries, the sensation of a different atmosphere, of different conditions, of different ways and means and modes and manners began to make itself felt with the distinctness of a whispered word behind the ear.

Appropriately enough it commenced to rain. The evening was closing in; although

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the month was June the weather was cold; overhead the sky stretched out gray, lugubrious, lowering. A wind got up somewhere from behind the pines and the eastern hills and set to blowing drearily.

And there was coal-dust underfoot, and coal-dust in the air, coal-dust on the leaves of the underbrush, coal-dust in the puddles of the wheel tracks. A marsh that began to open up to the left of the road was fouled with water black with coal-dust, and with slime inky with the same impalpable matter; and out of this marsh rose dead pine trees, denuded of needles, spectral, osseous, and like everything else in the world, plastered and powdered with dust of culm-bank and pit mouth.

A MINING VILLAGE, SHOWING EFFIGIES AND THE USUAL CROWD OF BOYS WHO MAKE MUCH OF A DISTURBANCE.

The coal is very hard in the Hazelton district, infinitely harder than that of the Wilkesbarre mines, and consequently extracted with more labor and much, much more slowly. If the miner earns fifty dollars —so my guides told me—he is doing well. If he is willing to work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four it avails nothing, for the company will allow him but a certain number of cars. All this may be lies. I cannot tell. To get an accurate statement about any important feature of the great strike a Government court of inquiry and months of testimony-taking would first be necessary. But this is certain. The mines, and the miner's houses that I saw at Melonsville, three miles out of Hazelton, were—let us say the obverse of the shield.

Melonsville!—You are to see a flat hill-top as bald of green growth as the middle of Broadway. In the centre, monstrous, delapidated, like the fossil of some gigantic prehistoric saurian, a mammoth breaker,

THE STRIKERS UNDER THE BRIDGE ARE HOLDING UP A "SCAB" ON HIS WAY HOME.

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inky black with dust, the boards warped, the window lights shattered, the walls bulging and tottering; the cables and drums and all visible machinery already rusted and standing out in gaunt skeleton outline against the mournful sky.

Coal-dust was everywhere. Coal-dust to Melonsville, Pennsylvania, is what sand is to the frontier part of Arizona. It lies in drifts against the foundations of the houses, in ripples in the roadway. Every step sends it up to the eyes and nostrils in choking clouds. Every wind threshes it across the prospect. But in wet weather it is, if anything, even more disagreeable. Under the pelting of the rain at the end of that bleak day on that bleak hill-top it had resolved itself to mere sodden mud—mud that clung, and clung and stuck with the tenacity of oil, and streaked and stained everthing it touched.

The hill-top was shut in by five enormous culm banks, that made of the plateau an amphitheatre. One entered Melonsville between the piles of black grime as if into a walled enclosure. In the centre, as was said, rose the breaker, reeling to its ruin; and around this, laid off into two or three very narrow streets were the miners' houses.

"The Polanders* live here mostly," said the miner who drove me. "They don't live no better than dogs."

This is not so. The Polanders of Melonsville live a great deal worse than any street cur would elect to live if he had his way and say in the matter. They live in houses built of sheet-iron, and boards, about fifteen feet square and sunk about three feet in the ground. Of course there is but one room, and in this room the family—anywhere from six to ten humans—cooks, eats and sleeps. Although there is plenty of space, these hutches are crowded together like troopers' bunks on a transport. The streets are so narrow one may almost touch a house on either side simultaneously: each house shoulders the other in its place; the smoke from the two stoves mingling two feet above the roofs.

And I saw this place at the end of a chill afternoon, the light already waning, the rain falling steadily, the wind droning and sighing about the angles of the tottering breaker. There was scarcely a soul in sight. Occasionally a woman's face, flat, broad—the face of the Slav—looked out from a dust-rimmed pane. Two draggled geese, soiled with the all-pervading grime, spattered and cluttered in a green and black puddle. A child, a girl of seven, her head in a handkerchief like the picture of an emigrant peered out from between the slats of a fence made of railroad ties. And that was all. Nothing stirred. No sound of human life broke the stillness. The rain fell with an infinite wide murmur.

Behind the hutches stretched a great heap of ashes—the dump from the furnaces that ran the mine engines; a reddish-brown heap, packed hard by the rain. For obscure reasons parts of it were yet hot and steamed under the contact of the veil of wet. And this mass in cooling threw off a stench like that of burning bones, an acrid, foul odor, sweet with a nauseating, revolting sweetness, powerful, unescapable, that pervaded the entire community of Melonsville.

And not so far from this place but what we could hear the call of robins in its branches was a great forest-world, beautiful, green, thick with odorous and abundant life. But the black, damp culm-banks, and the reeking, smoking ash-heap shut it from view as effectually as though one were at the bottom of the mine itself. Never a shoot of green, nor sight of it. Never a breath from the forest, never a touch of unpolluted air invaded this grim amphitheatre. The only change its inhabitants could know was the change from the surface to the shaft and tunnel, to black darkness and burrows cut in walls of coal.

"And the company don't give us no more cars no matter how hard we work, and the coal in these mines is hard—hard."

Thus they spoke at Hazelton and Melonsville. It may be so, it may be a lie. But Melonsville, its meanness, its grime, its rain, its grayness and blackness and sordidness, its foul sweet stench and huddled hutches, its hideous promiscuousness and execrable, maddening dreariness is a Truth, a Fact, a Thing Seen. It is the other side of the shield.

Look long enough at Melonsville and you will wonder why its miners were content merely with striking, and you will wonder how the statesmen and law-givers and Governors of the next fifty years are to prune and trim the tree whose seed is sprouting in just such "culm-banks" and ash-dumps all over these United States. For the tree bears a red flower, and its sap is heady and strong and its fruit distills a poison which is as swift to act as it is sure to slay.

* Scandinavians, Poles and Russians.

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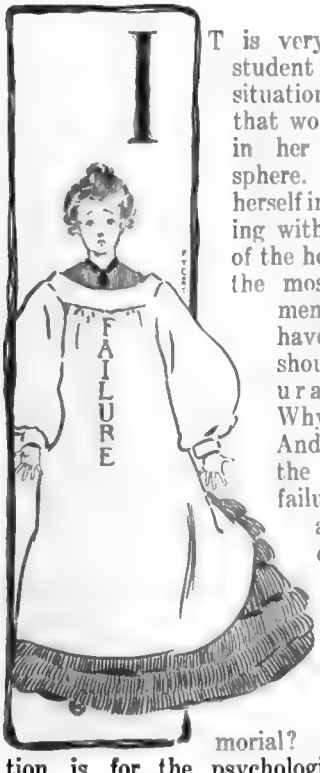
MAN'S SOLUTION OF DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

By Charlotte Teller.
Illustrated by F. T. Cory.

How the Home Duties Once Exclusively Woman's Have Been Taken from Her Hands and Reorganized by Man—Cooking and Cleaning the Only Remnants Left—The Future in These Lines.



IT is very evident to a student of the present situation in the home that woman has failed in her own peculiar sphere. She has shown herself incapable of coping with the problems of the household, which the most conservative members of society have agreed are and should be her natural inheritance. Why has she failed? And what has been the effect of the failure upon herself and upon the domestic occupations which she has carried on single-handed from time immemorial? The first question is for the psychologist, who must determine if woman's unwillingness to take the initiative is due to inherent incapability or to century-long repression while she has been economically dependent upon man. The second question is one for the student of economics, who at the outset of his investigation may, without contradiction, affirm as part of the psychologist's conclusion, that although Necessity may be the mother, Invention, the child, it masculine; and that, up to the present as least, woman has never made any apparent effort to change her environment by inventing ways and means; consequently her work is still disorganized and generally inefficient. And the student may also safely assert that woman, almost without exception, is such a strong individualist that she is antagonistic to any of the principles of co-operation and communistic effort.

Only recently have there been changes pointing to a reorganization of the household and a readjustment of the home, and those changes have to be attributed to external causes in the business world—in other words, the increasing improvement has been compulsory instead of springing from any desire on the part of the house-workers and housewives themselves. Man is undoubtedly bringing order out of a domestic chaos by taking the various household occupations into the business world. He is not doing this in the role of reformer nor from any wish to be philanthropic; he is undertaking the work for business reasons, and for those reasons he is almost sure of success.

Not many decades ago man put looms into the factory when he found that by so doing he could make profits which had been impossible before steam power was known. He used the labor which he obtained in the homes of the former small weavers. Not only men but women went out from the home

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into the factory; the outcry against the change rose, in England, to the point of open rebellion. Factories were burnt and lives lost, but the revolution in the woollen industry swept on. Besides the effect upon the industry itself there was a remarkable change brought about in the position of woman, though few realized it until long after. It was this: the women who had in their homes worked at the looms, side by side with the men of the family, found it both natural and necessary to follow them into the factory. They did it the more readily because there was a demand for their labor; just such a demand there has been ever since, particularly when a new industry has been inaugurated through the initiative of man. Those women who went into factories became competitors of the men—though not their industrial equals—because they were serving in the two capacities of housewife and laborer and it was claimed that necessarily their service as laborer suffered; they received, therefore, smaller wages. Today the same claim is made in factory towns and cities of commerce.

Yet the effect upon the household was no less important. Those women who remained at home profited by the change; their work became less strenuous, and they found an unexpected leisure, given them by man who had indeed robbed them of part of their sphere but who had the most valid reasons for doing so. There was no reaction even on the part of fearful conservatives who saw the downfall of the race threatened by the change. On the contrary the growth of the industry was enormous: England, in 1813, was using only a hundred power-looms; twenty years later there were a hundred thousand busy every day of the year.

The work of the household was next diminished by man when he took from it the making of men's and boys' clothes. That was an important piece of reorganization and made easy other enterprises of the same sort—the making of millinery on a large scale, woollen undergarments, stockings, socks and mittens.

The next step was taken when man began to make women's clothes.

"Take man's solution of the problem of lighting."

"When man began to make women's clothes."

After a short time the making of shirtwaists, *lingerie* and neckwear freed woman from the necessity of putting thread in needle, were she able to pay the market prices. It was possible for women to enter upon other work than that of making her own clothes, and she was not slow to see the advantages when they had been pointed out to her by someone else. Woman's individualistic production for the sake of personal consumption was checked by the growth of the

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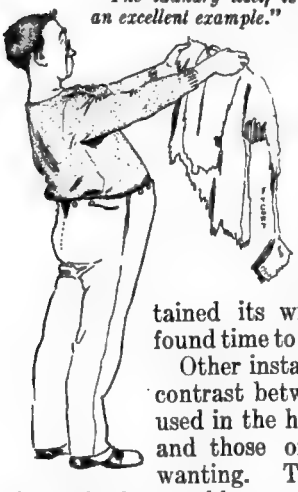
factory system, which in turn was based upon the principles of division of labor and co-operative effort.



"The laundry itself is an excellent example."

The time was past when woman not only bore each generation, but clothed it, spread its bed and table with linen, carpeted its floors, curtained its windows and still found time to teach its prayers.

Other instances of this same contrast between the methods used in the homes of the past and those of today are not wanting. Take man's solution of the problem of lighting. He has saved both time and energy by the introduction of the central lighting system. The work of filling and cleaning the lamps for one family's use seems a small expenditure of time and energy, but it takes at least an hour a day in a family of five or six. Multiplying that expenditure to supply the light for a community of thirty thousand, it appears ridiculous that five thousand persons should work an hour a day over it, or that five hundred should spend ten hours a day. No gas or electric plant uses half that number in a town of the same size. And there is, besides, no comparison between the results obtained. Men do it all today and woman's work has been reduced to the washing of glass globes.

Another example of what business methods can bring about is shown in the rapid increase in municipal waterworks. For centuries the carrying of water was taken as a matter of course, but at length a dawning intelligence conceived a different plan. The measure was a socialistic one, but there seems to have been no revolt, and the average mind approved of private water pipes connecting with a common main. The approval is evidenced by the fact that today there are 3,326 waterworks in this country. And so far have they been accepted as a public necessity that 1787 of them have been taken over by the people themselves and are managed in the interest of all.

One of the best examples of the transition of a household occupation from home to factory—using factory in its technical sense—is shown in the evolution of the modern laundry. Established primarily by man for man, they have gradually extended their field of service until it includes a large amount of family washing. Steam, and more recently, electricity, have been used for the motor power, and the number of persons employed is constantly decreasing. The first steam laundry was put up in 1853; today there are thousands of them all over the world. New York has its two thousand Chinese laundries and yet supports six hundred and fifty others, and Chicago has over five hundred steam laundries.

The making of laundry machinery is now

"Have been taken over by the people themselves and are managed in the interest of all."

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an industry of importance. In 1800 there was not a piece of laundry machinery in the world; today the sales each year amount to millions of dollars. From the wash-board, washtub, wringer, iron and clothesline have been evolved the cylinder washers—in which the clothes are rotated in hot suds until clean—the extractors—in which the clothes are dried by having the water drawn out by the centrifugal force—the mangle and other ironing machines; while in the drying room the patent equipment with spring hooks and bars saves time and labor.

The laundry itself is an excellent example of the value of the new methods used in household occupations. With proper supervision the modern steam laundry is an almost perfect adaptation of means to a domestic end. It does with less labor, less fuel and less wear and tear upon the clothes a weekly duty which has been for decades a weekly worry. To be sure all laundries may not live up to their possibilities, but that is because the public has not yet demanded that they should; nor do the present prices seem within the limits of the average family expenditure. That is a fact with an explanation and therefore capable of solution. The time and fuel used by the house servant or the washwoman is not reckoned in the cost of the work when it is done at home. When the servant or the housewife does the washing even the cost of the labor is left out of account; and there is for that reason little basis for comparison of cost. When the distrust of laundry methods,

"To advance there must be a stirring discontent."

and the unfounded fear of germs—for no germ can live through a day of steaming—has given way to a real desire to make use of what has been done by man in simplfying the most complicated of the household problems, then competition will at once bring down the rates, the service will be improved and the success will be undoubted.

When man stepped over the kitchen threshold he showed his daring. But his excuse was again a valid one: it paid him to do it. He began to can fruits and fish in great quantities; vegetables were grown far from the home of the probable consumer and sent either canned or crated in refrigerator cars which had come into being with the demand for them. Prepared foods for those who must cook before hurrying off to work in the morning, delicacies for the epicure and health foods for those who have acquired conscious digestion from too great unconscious cerebration, were put in the markets. From Maine to California there are today at least 3,000 industries of this sort. In 1900 seven million cases of tomatoes were packed in two months in the United States,—that means 168,000,000 cans. The annual packing of corn and peas amounts to 75,000,000 cans, each. The allied industries springing from the preparation of food, such as the box trade, the tin can and bottling trades, has increased almost on the same scale as the parent industries; and it has all been the outgrowth of man's initiative, seconded by the common sense of the consumers when once the thing was put squarely before them.

"Domestic service will be put on a plane with other trades."

Yet whatever the outcome is in the business world, the results upon the household itself cannot be measured in statistics. The tendency of all occupations to leave the home has never been regarded as dangerous, yet it means that man is robbing woman of her sphere. He is freeing labor in the home and calling for more of it upon the market places and in the factories. Woman will answer the call and step into the industrial open with the assurance that her presence is needed there more than in the household, because man has stepped into her place in the laundry, the kitchen and the sewing-

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"Individualistic with regard to her bread-pans and wash-tubs"

room. He is doing his work better than she ever did it, because he is working on the principles he has found to underlie good results in any trade—division of labor and organization. When he has undertaken a domestic problem he has looked it squarely in the face, and if the equipment was not equal to the demands of the situation he has invented new and improved machinery. He has learned the value of co-operation between man and man, and between man and machines, whereas woman is as strongly individualistic with regard to her breadpans and washtubs as though there were no such thing as advance possible.

But even with the immense growth of the occupations so lately in the home there is hardly as sharp competition between them as might be expected. Woman's economic position when she assumes the duties of housewife, instead of ascertaining her money value as an industrial unit, is very vague. Her time and strength have no commercial price; and neither item is counted in the cost of her product, whether it be home-made bread or laundered linen. The more she enters into other pursuits, single-minded, as an equal with man, the more quickly will the appreciation of her time and energy react upon the estimation of factory-made products, and just so much the more quickly will man have the opportunity to show the advantages of his system.

It is only a question of time when domestic service will be put on a plane with other trades, because man shall have so simplified the housework that the duties will not vary as they do today in different homes. With the leisure which is inevitably coming to her, and through her attainment of economic equality with man (who is unconsciously doing so much for her), woman is in a fair way to develop race characteristics which will set the psychologists pondering anew upon her problems, which are not long to be entirely in the home.

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DANNY.

By Alfred Ollivant.

Author of "Bob, Son of Battle."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The grim Laird had allowed his lonely young English wife to accept the gift of a beautiful sheep dog. Trained by his mistress, Danny soon acquires as keen a sense as Robin, the henchman, has of the distinction between "gamey and tamey" fowl; but Deborah Awe, the old house-servant, abiding not this "he-male doag," calls all killing murder, and continually urges His Honor to enforce upon Danny the extreme penalty of hanging. Soon after one of these "bloodying" escapades of Danny's, Missie falls sick and dies, and then Robin and Deborah Awe, in vain trying to comfort the stricken "babe," plead together with the Laird who, proving not too "grim" to be touched by Danny's pathetic affection for an old slipper of his lost Missie, takes the "wee man" into his heart and forever becomes his champion—or "familiar," according to Simon Ogg, a poacher, whose father the Laird had accidentally killed at the time of Simon's birth. Now Danny, for being a warden, is hated by Simon, and for being a poacher is hated by Joliff, warden for an English "fool-man." So Danny, with a price on his head, is trapped by Simon, simple tool of Tony, the fool-man, by whose orders also Joliff attempts to shoot the dog. But Tony's young wife, coming to the rescue and carrying Danny to her own home, the latter thinks he has found his Missie at last. As soon as he is sent back to the Laird Danny proves Simon a poacher, whereupon the Laird sends the latter to a "Home" in the South Land. After four years' absence Simon celebrates his return to Hepburn, with broadened views of the world, subject to his Minnie's approval, by breaking his kirk, whereupon the Laird gives both mother and son notice to quit the parish; but to Robin's disgust Simon "conforms" for his home's sake and suffers the "Longer Penance." He is given, however, not his old home, but an ill-favored house, called "Death Cottage." Danny, by this time, has grown old and his ways are wrapt in mystery.

BOOK TWO.

CHAPTER TWENTY.

THE HEART OF THE WARRIOR.

TENDER as ever, faithful still and of perfect courtesy, the heart had died out of the little knight as the sun dies out of the West.

As of old he went his morning round with Robin in the dew, but no longer now alert to defy the thunder. Now he jogged palely at the old man's heels. Foulmart might cross him, the scent of the otter rise like incense to his nostrils in the dawn, Jael, the soot-and-sulphur cat, might spit curses on him from the deeps of a juniper, and he still plodded on, careless of insult.

"He has killed his last!" said Robin, returning home from one such broken-hearted expedition, and sat down soddenly and sobbed.

"He will not die for that," said the Woman. "He is not altogether man. He can live for love as well as murder."

"That he can never," gasped Robin. "Battle was his breath; blood his drink. He cares no more to kill, and he cares no more to live. And I aye tell't ye."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

THE ENGLISHER'S CURE.

AT last the Laird sent for Robin.

He came and found him sitting as always in the hall, and Danny at his feet blinking his eyes.

"What is it ye want?" said Robin shortly.

"I want to know what you know about this business of Danny," said the Laird, "if you're not too drunk to tell me."

"I know this," said Robin, shortly, "when Danny went hunting last it was to fight his last fight. And bein' now up in years, and there bein' two on to him, he called on the Lord; and the Lord forsook him and fled; and with that and me not bein' there to uphold him, he was over-set at the last, who was never over-set before," said the old man, and began to gulp.

"Where was all this?" asked the Laird.

"Along by the wee lochan on Windyhope," said Robin.

"And so when they had prevailed upon him, the two of them—her of the lochan and her mate," continued Robin, "and both murder-mad because of what had come to their familee through Danny the night before; and each bein' nigh twice as big as the other, they was after drowning him in the lochan, one at his cheek, t'other at his throat, and would so have done but for——"

"Your friend, the Englishman," said the Laird.

"Sent by the Devil," said Robin.

"To save him," said the Laird.

"And send him home," continued Robin bitterly, "home to die of heart-break because he had lived to be beaten in fair fight and had not died in battle and glory, his dead about him, as he would have died,"

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cried the old man passionately, "but for your Honor's Englisher!"

"Now I've found the cause of the trouble," said the Laird, "I'd find the cure."

"I would ask your Honor's Englisher," sneered Robin.

"I have," said the Laird. "And he says all he wants is heartening a bit; and for that purpose has sent him oil."

Robin sneered.

"You will not cure him the Englishman's way," said the Laird sternly, "can you cure him your own?"

Robin turned.

"So it is to me your Honor turns in the latter end. Cure him!" he cried with kindling bitterness. "If your Honor had come to me at the onset, there would have been no need to cure him at all."

"If you could do this before," said the Laird, curtly, "why have you not?"

"I was waiting till you had finished fooling with him," said Robin passionately, "you and your foreigners and Engleesh," and went out.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.

ROBIN FAILS.

NEXT morning Robin began the cure, hope glowing at his heart.

He sat upon a basket in the sun outside the wood-shed. Danny was on one knee and on the other a wire cage prisoning as gallant an outlaw company as ever harried a poultry-yard.

Then the old man began to whisper in Danny's ear of the good and bloody days gone by, and ever shook the cage to stir the souls within, until Danny, kindling, thrust forth a long grey muzzle to the cage and sniffed.

Sweet in his nostrils was the scent of the gentlemen banditti within, and memory-stirring. His soul came tiding back into his eyes. He waxed and waxed, until it seemed he was his ancient glowing self again.

Rising on Robin's knee he thrust forth a massive paw, and tapped at the bars of the cage, and his tapping was as it were at the door of the hearts of the fighting company within.

Robin set the cage upon the ground. Softly Danny leaped down and cried to the gentlemen-adventurers within to come forth and comfort him; and they squeaked and scrambled and sat upon their haunches with fighting fore-paws and cruel eyes, for had they not heard from warrior forefathers of the doughty knight in grey?

Then Robin clutched his champion by the neck and snatched him back, and thrust him forward, tawing him ever on with oaths and Old Testament battle-cries.

Such was the noise of his urging that the Woman came clacking into the yard in her pattens to see.

"What is this rout and raging of the heathen?" cried she, hitching high her petticoats.

"It's the cure," Robin replied, thrusting, snatching. "Ho, the Danny! Ho, the man!"

"It is crueltee," said the Woman. "And it is a joy to you to make to suffer God's dumb creatures."

"Look, Woman!" and Robin shook forth a fat buck-rat, long in the tooth, pursy as an alderman, yet lusty withal.

It was a ten-yard course to the drain. The rat had four of them, then came Danny; and the rat got home by a tail.

"He-o," sighed Robin, and drew a long breath.

"W-h-o-o-o!" sighed the Woman; for Danny had stopped as if struck.

Then he came back, not scurrying for the mouth of the trap as of old, alert for the next, but ploddingly.

Robin snatched up the cage.

"Ho, the Danny!" he shouted, flaming forth with war-cry to stir. "Ho, the Danny! Ho, the man!" and shook forth on top of him a shower of rats.

He turned not a hair's breadth aside for one of them.

"Danny, man!" whimpered the old man, bent and patted him as he passed.

For the first time in history the little knight snatched back his head and snapped with bared teeth.

The old man stood up. He drew a shaking hand across his mouth, and said nothing: it was as if a son had struck him.

"Keep me!" gasped the Woman, and could say no more.

Danny trailed away. When he came to the gate he turned, looked at Robin, stood irresolute, then trailed back to the old man's feet, lifted himself, and wagging a hopeless tail, licked the hand that he had snapped at; then he dropped, and trotted out of the yard, the most pathetic sea-grey misery that ever trailed a broken heart behind.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE.

THE WARRIOR WAKES.

VERY sorrowfully Robin awaited his Weary Heart next morning.

The sudden shadowy presence of Simon Ogg the night before, come and gone like a ghost before he could stay it, had unnerved the old man. As he thought upon it, and recalled the horror of it, a panic seized him.

He turned and fled fearfully down the hill and towards the house; and just then there appeared to him, cantering over the brow of the hill, a sturdy warrior in grey.

. . . . . .

Danny came ploughing to him through the bracken at a sturdy three-cornered canter; greeted the old man blithely as of old with grin and friendly twinkle of ears.

Robin regarded him incredulously.

"It is a miracle!" he cried with breaking voice to the morning. "Danny is born again."

As the two entered upon the woods Danny, the delight of life tiding back to him, marched in front as though to pipe-music, his silver stern like a young knight's banneret amid the bracken.

As they came to the northern borders of the wood, where Lammermore laps about its edge in Summer like a purple sea, Danny still skirmishing in front, the old man called to Danny and looking about him marked a slur in the dust of the dry ditch as of a body dragged; and pursuing it came on a soft curled feather, bloody-dabbled.

There could be no longer any doubt: here had been a moorland tragedy. And at that moment up came Danny, rapt in search.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

THE CRIME IN THE WOODS.

ROBIN scratched his head. And first he said the murderer would be a tod; and then he said it would be the visitation of the Lord; and last he said the Laird would be a fashed man the day; for next to Danny the Laird held his Silver Greys dear to his soul, because in the past they had been the particular care of Missie.

So pondering, the old man trotted home, he and Danny, to report.

The Laird rose to his feet.

"Ye breed o' the gowk!" he said, swept his cloak about him, and went forth into the morning, he and Danny and rude injured Robin, to inspect.

On the borders of moor and wood he stood over the scene of the tragedy white, ominous, and with thunder-brow.

"He is better," he said at last. "He is more like himself."

"I tell't you if you left him to me I would cure him for you," said Robin, his back on his master.

"Blether," said the Laird, and turned to Danny's cry.

The little man was busily unearthing the corpse of the murdered lady scantily sepultured beneath a juniper bush.

The Laird picked up the body. The neck was wrung, and a bead of blood hung from the beak. For the rest there was never a scar on her plump body. The criminal had pinched her life out, buried her hastily, and gone.

"She has been killed for the sake of killing, and not for the larder," said the Laird. "I hold you responsible," and tramped away.

A twig snapped in the wood above them. The Laird looked up.

"Who's that?" he said.

"If it's any," said Robin curtly, "it'll be Simon Ogg."

The Laird turned to the old man.

"And how's Widow Ogg?" he asked.

"Dead," said Robin, "when I last heard."

"Dead!" said the Laird surprised. "Died in her sleep?"

"Na!" said Robin, "died cursing you."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.

HER.

FORTHWITH murder was among them like a plague; and as Robin went his rounds, Danny, ever alert, unearthed the victims meanly buried in secret places in the woods.

Deftly did Robin set traps for Her, and with gloved hands lest the reek of his humanity should betray him; and Danny sat by the while and watched with earnest eyes, listening shrewdly as the old man expounded to him the ways of them.

The traps caught many—foulmart and sweetmart and once an otter by the saugh at the passage of the burn; and Danny out of his heart of pity went his rounds and put the captives out of pain; but never, as

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Robin reported to the Laird, Her or any like Her.

Indeed, as Robin said, she came like the Shadow of Death, and went seen of none, nor ever left any trace behind but a corpse. Like Death she nipped her victims, nor mangled them, pinching their lives out, as a child pinches air from a burst ball; and only in this unlike the Shadow that after her sport she buried her victims meagrely.

Sometimes it almost seemed as if with devilish laughter she was mocking the old man. For when he went the round of the traps, he and Danny, not once nor twice, but many times, he found them unearthed and sprung.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

THE HEAD OF HER.

ROBIN in public still affected to affect an easy nonchalance as to Her and her goings on; but in fact he was harrassed exceedingly.

In the village even were whisperings, and folks were mocking him, and he knew it.

"Awell," screamed the Woman, "take your own way of it. And you are a mock to the whole village because you ca'an't catch Her, and to Simon Ogg above a'."

"To Simon Ogg!" said Robin, "What's he ken of Her?"

"He kens what he kens," said the Woman; "and he is saying he could catch Her and kill Her and stuff Her and a' while you wiped your Dreep-Eye."

That evening on his way to the village Robin met the Laird.

"Where to?" asked his Honor.

"Simon Ogg," said Robin.

"I suppose," said the Laird, "Simon puts his mother's death on me?"

"Certainly so," said Robin.

"He is bitter, is he?" said the Laird.

"Black and bitter?" said Robin.

The Laird nodded thoughtfully.

"Tell Simon," he said, "to come and see me. I'll find him work away."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN.

SIMON WHISPERS.

HE of the red eye-rims was standing over the peat fire in his cottage, untying a knotted string, when a voice behind him spoke.

"If you have a way to overcome Her," said Robin, "*for aye and for ever*, I will consider it and maybe come between you and the Laird."

For long Simon sat silent, then he spoke.

"See here, Mr. Crabbe," he said at last, "I will tell you truly how best to overcome Her if you will tell me how you alone of all the people keep no kirk."

"I have a dispensation from his Honor," said Robin, "because if I keep my kirk I swoon away and must be carried out to the disturbing of the congregation."

Simon sucked in his cheeks.

"Hoo!" he said. "Hoo!"

"And now," said Robin, "as to Her?"

"A-well," said Simon, and now "Whisper," and he whispered.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT.

SIMON THREATENS.

NEXT Sabbath the Laird marched to kirk, he and Danny, as of wont. Grim and gaunt and very old, he took his place in the foremost pew; and Danny lay down in the porch to keep the door. Half way through the Liturgy there arose a commotion at the back of the kirk. The reader paused and the Laird closed his book.

"Let no man stir," said he.

A great hush had fallen on all. In the foremost pew the Laird's tall, frozen form wrapped in a cloak, his back to the congregation. At length, out of the stillness a voice spoke, low and urgent.

"Hi, some of you," it said, "I have fainted."

A hoary elder of the congregation, greatly daring, stepped forth and spoke to the Laird.

"It is Simon Ogg, your Honor," he said. "He has swooned clean away, your Honor."

"Then it's no good continuing the service," said the Laird, "for the present."

"None, your Honor."

The Laird bowed his head.

"Let us sit down," said he mildly, and sat down, "and wait until Simon Ogg has thought better of his fainting."

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So they sat down. In the foremost pew sat the white Laird, mute, mild and terrible. Behind him like cowed sheep huddled the congregation, the silence on them. In the centre lay Simon and in the porch lay

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Danny, his chin upon the threshold, watching the youth with calm interested eyes.

The minutes passed and no man stirred. At last the hoary elder of the people rose and again approached the Laird.

"He is lying with his head in the aisle and his feet on the bench, your Honor. The blood will puddle in his head."

"He will come round the quicker," said the Laird.

Ten minutes later Simon rose and stood uncertainly, for the blood was in his head like a mill race, and dusted himself.

"I am better," he said suddenly.

"You will be better still in a quarter of an hour," said the Laird. "Take your time," and sat like a stone.

Half an hour passed, then at last the Laird turned.

"How are we now?" he asked mildly.

"I'll just sit it out," said Simon.

The Laird rose.

"And now," said he, "for love of Simon Ogg we will turn back and start from the beginning."

Two hours later Simon came forth, first of the congregation. Danny sat in the seat of the porch, and looked at him with innocent, calm eyes.

Simon cursed him as he passed; and Danny sat with pink tongue out and throbbed.

Over the wall of the kirk-yard leaned Robin.

"A-well, Simon," he said, "you're a bit behind your time."

Simon came to him over the graves quickly.

"You have not catch'd Her," he said breathlessly.

"How d'you ken that," said Robin, suspiciously.

"I ken it," said Simon.

"A-well," said Robin, "I have not. I have not tried."

"Now I will try," said Simon, and hustled off, blinking red eye-rims.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

ROBIN'S DISCOVERY.

ALL that Sabbath afternoon Robin and Danny worked together secretly in the birch-woods, on the hill, and all along the burn where at night passes the traffic of the moors. And ever and anon in some hidden likely place the old man paused as one who sows; then he turned to Danny and spoke and the little knight listened shrewdly, with sideways head and understood as the other expounded to him that the seed he sowed was the seed of the Tree of Death.

In the dusk of that evening Robin was manœuvring on Fir-tree Knowe. On the bald crest above him stood the lonely fir, sombre against the West; and beneath him the moors lay silent, misty, dank, in the growing gloom.

Round the fir the old man circled crab-wise. His face was outward from the tree, and the old piece upon his shoulder pointed ever inwards at it with huge creaking mouth. Like a spider, slowly circling round a fly, the old man edged on in his uncannie crab-like way until he was not ten yards from the tree.

Till then he had been circling to the right; now suddenly he reversed, and took a quick step to the left.

"God's sake!" screamed a sudden voice; and was still again.

Robin stood stone-still, his back on the tree.

"Is any there?" he asked, and waited a reply. None came.

"As none's there," said the old man, "none will be hurt when I let fire," and he began to back in upon the tree.

"Hi!" cried a voice like a gasp.

"Stir not!" yelled Robin warningly. "Ye'll scare her off else," and the piece began to joggle on his shoulder.

"It's none but me," quaked a voice.

"I see none," said Robin, backing in.

"Turn about!" yelled Simon, "and you will see."

"How will I see through a tree?" said Robin.

"I'll come out if ye'll none shoot," cried Simon.

"I'll none shoot," said Robin.

"Swear," chattered Simon.

"She might let off though," said Robin; and as he said it she did let off with a roar, and the shot were like hail in the upper branches of the firs.

Simon fell on his hands and knees.

"I tell't ye," said Robin, calmly reloading, "there's no dependence on her. Whiles she will, and whiles she winna."

Simon rose to his feet and dusted his shaking knees. Then he stood up; and the sweat was dripping off his face like water from a pressed cheese.

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"Ye might ha' shot me," he chattered, and smiled horribly. "Ye might ha' killed me."

"*She* might ha' shot ye," corrected Robin, *She* might ha' killed ye."

"It's little matter to a killed man," said Simon, "who kills him."

"It's less to me," said Robin coldly. He drew closer.

"You have dropped something," said Robin, bent, gathered something and held it up in the gloom.

Simon made no move.

"It'll be a fowl," he said at last, and his voice was curiously faint and far.

"Indeed," said Robin, "and what were you doing with it here?"

"I was bringing it up to the house," said Simon.

"Was you?" said Robin. "Then why was you making away from the house?"

"I was taking a round," said Simon. "I was feared of meeting you and the piece in the woods."

There was a long pause and Robin drew yet closer.

"Is it Her killing, think you?" asked Robin and held up the bird before him in the dusk.

"For sure," said Simon.

"But there is a noose of string about her neck," said the old man and swung slowly round upon Simon—"of the same kind as that hanging from out your pocket."

He took one slow pace forward and Simon never moved.

"I do think I have found Her," he said quietly, and smote the other in the mouth.

CHAPTER THIRTY.

THE SABBATH.

SABBATH day broke cold and harsh with a sky like a December sea.

The Laird's chill had settled on his chest; he was sitting up in bed, gaunt, stark-throated, in his night-rail, a grey muffler about his throat.

"I go to kirk," said the Laird, rising slowly.

"To kirk!" cried the Woman, near to tears—"to the kirk-garth!"

"T'ane's on the way to t'ither," said the grim Laird and stood before her gaunt and stark and grey like one new-risen from the dead.

She came across to him.

"But what need is there for your Honor to go?" she said, pleading now. "Your Honor's soul is safe. A kirk unkept will make little differ. Missie will put that right for you."

"Ye mistake," said the Laird, grey, tall, and shivering like an aspen-poplar in the dawn. "I do not go to keep my kirk."

"What then?" urged the Woman.

"To gar my people keep theirs," said the Laird, "partly. Though I am on my death-bed, yet I will rise from it to be among them, such," he said, "is my fondness for them and for Simon Ogg."

The Woman surrendered with tears.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.

THE LAIRD KEEPS HIS KIRK.

IT was a harsh and haggard day, full of the presage of winter and Death coming to cast its shadow everywhere.

Before their cottages, in the street, the village clustered, in week-day disarray and muttered. There was a hush upon each whispering group, a sense of awe easy to perceive; but though the bell tolled on and on urging them to kirk, no man went in to don his Sabbath blacks, and the women stood about slatternly, unbuttoned, and nursed their babies.

The great gates at the street-end clanged.

The people turned.

A woman, a baby at her breast, stood like Lot's wife, stone-still, in the centre of the street with dumb forefinger pointed.

The people looked.

Down the cold street, slow, tramping. came one like the Shadow, mouth muffled and with downward eyes; andDanny led him by the hand.

Now, as he drew near the kirk, they burst forth from their cottages,—doddering old men, abundant-bosomed young mothers, fearful-eyed children with flying hair. The men were thrusting into their coats as they ran and many a one carried his neck-scarf in his mouth as he buttoned his collar; the women were throwing shawls about their naked heads, and buttoning their bodices; and one and all jostled his Honor and each other in their hurry to be in God's Sanctuary before that slow-marching old man.

Slow still and terrible, he tramped to his pew; and Danny led him to the door of it, turned then and trotted down the aisle, to

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take his place in the porch and keep the door; and the door was shut.

In his pew the Laird turned, his cloak swept about him, his mouth still muffled, and numbered his panting people; and there was one gap in the ranks of the worshippers.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.

THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR.

AN hour later the congregation trooped out; sullen, cowed, and with frightened eyes. Last of all came the Shepherd of his sheep, grim relish at his heart. Forth he tramped into the porch, like some Grand Inquisitor, sure of his prey.

"Danny!" he called, his voice muffled in his shawl, waited a moment for the Keeper of the Door to uncurl from the bench within the porch as ever and join him; and waited in vain.

He went back to the door, unlocked it, and looked in.

The kirk was deserted as a vault. Dusk was falling on the sombre pews, the black old timbers of the roof, and the austere walls. He could just distinguish the lectern, dark in the dusk, and fashioned with shadowy wings like Azrael; the windows plain as the sky without; the cross of oak, old as the kirk and strong as Time, steadfast against the Eastern end; and at its foot, dim-seen, another cross of white flowers placed there, Sabbath in and Sabbath out, these nine years, by the faithful Woman, mindful ever of her dear Missie.

He locked the door, and passed through the porch out into the sad evening; and he was greatly troubled. Never in nine long years of Sabbaths, and kirks kept unceasingly, had the Keeper of the Door failed him before.

The Laird tottered forth into the cold. Tall, he stood among the graves, peering with old eyes, and called——

"Danny!" hoarsely, and again "Danny!" to no effect.

"He is none there," said a voice.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE.

THE GRAVE.

HE turned to the people.

They now stood in the road by the rowan-tree gate, huddled, stark, waiting the advent of his Honor in fearful hush.

"Who spoke?"

None answered.

"Has any here seen Danny?" he asked, forgetful quite of them and their backsliding.

Then from among the people in the road a voice broke on the silence.

"Mr. Heriot is standing on a grave."

"There is no grave here," said the Laird, peering blindly at his feet. "There's no headstone."

"There is no headstone," replied the voice, "but there's a grave,."

"Where?" asked the Laird.

There was a moment's silence, then the voice replied,

"Minnie's."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.

THE LAIRD'S LAST WORDS.

THE Laird moved off the grass and onto the path.

Then he came quavering down the path to the rowan-tree gate, and stood upon the steps above the people in the road beneath.

"Is that Simon Ogg?" he asked.

"Like enough," said the voice.

"Step out here!" ordered the Laird, the grimness falling on him like a frost.

He with the flaming head at the back of the crowd made no move; but the people fell away from him as he had been a leper, and he was left standing alone.

The Laird under the rowan-tree gate regarded him.

"You have not kept your kirk."

"And I just have!" said Simon, and wagged his red head in mockery.

"You would have me believe Danny admitted you," asked the Laird, "after the door was shut?"

"I'd have you believe," retorted the youth, "that Danny was none there."

The Laird eyed him steadily.

"Where was he?"

"On the hill," said Simon, scornful, triumphant.

"How d'ye ken that?"

"I saw him," said Simon, and shot forth a jeering face.

"Either you are lying," said the Laird, "or you have not kept your kirk. Ye couldn't be on the hill spying on Danny when ye was in the kirk at worship. And of the two I've no doubt," continued the Laird, "that you're lying, and that he was

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there, and that you have not kept your kirk."

The youth thrust forth a leering face.

"Was he so?" he cried, and fixed the other with lank accusing finger. "Then if he was there how came he to admit me? Tell me that, you that publish me for a liar before these gentlemens."

"You will come to me the morn and I will have a last word with you," said the Laird, "one last word before I go," he said.

"First Daddie," screamed Simon, "then Minnie! and now me!"

The Laird passed through the village herd without a word.

He marched up the wintry street, grim shadow of a man, the tails of the plaid behind him and tugged at by the wind; and Simon Ogg behind him like a shadow's shadow.

"Will I tell Mr. Heriot where he'll find Danny?" he asked.

The Laird marched on, unheeding.

"He is on the hill," said Simon, and drew close to the Laird's heels.

"Will I tell ye what he is at?" he continued.

The Laird marched on, mouth muffled and with downwards eyes.

"He is after Her," said Simon, and drew to the Laird's elbow.

"See yon bushie up away under the brant of the brae!" he pointed. "A-well," seek there, and ye might happen on him," whispered Simon and pushed pale eyes against the other, "or Her."

The Laird passed through the gate without a word.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE.

A THREAD OF FATE.

THE Laird hurried, quavering, along the drive. And as he went his eyes were everywhere and anon he paused, straightened his shoulders, and cried in a voice, shrill somewhat, and querulous.

"Danny! Danny, man!"

As he drew near to the borders of the wood a gust of snow flicked him sharply in the face. The old man bent to the wind and as he lowered his face he saw two tracks in the snow that met and merged at his feet. One led down the hill from out of the wood, the spidery, three-toed footing, this, of a bird; the other, running up the hill, round, firm, four-toed, was that of some greater creature of the woods. Just where he stood the two tracks had met and clashed; and across it all a smudge as though one with large brush had vainly tried to wipe out the evidences of crime; and failed. For in the heart of the smudge was a stain as though there a drop of red rain had fallen on the snow.

The Laird looked and remembered the words of Simon Ogg. It was to that very thicket that Simon, standing at the gate, one cold hand clutching his arm, had pointed.

So, calling, he came to the thicket, and following still the trail, that there lost itself, peered into the darkness, and thrust in his umbrella.

The point struck on something soft. He forked it out. It lay at his feet upon the snow, a bundle of discolored feathers and lank neck—a dead cockerel.

The Laird picked it up, breathing raucously, and examined it.

It was fresh slain. A drop of blood like a bead was at its beak; but it had taken Death less calmly, so it seemed, than its fellow-victims. The feathers on the neck were shaken out like a ruffle; and the body-plumage disordered; but the earth-stains were on the feathers, to show it had been hastily interred according to the killer's custom.

"Danny, man! Danny!" called the Laird, urgent yet soft; and made a round of the island-thicket. If the murderer had bolted there must be tracks in the snow; and there were no tracks.

He walked to the edge of the thicket.

Behind him a twig snapped. He turned sharply. Standing at gaze he thought he saw a shadow, stealthy-footed, shooting out of the thicket and away into the evening; but even as he looked a flicker of snow whipped his face and blurred his old eyes.

Hurriedly he retraced his steps, and on the weatherward side came on what he sought. A chain of black dots, like a thread of fate, ran across the snow which a moment since had been virgin of any stain.

"Danny!" he called. "Danny!" and hurriedly tottered in pursuit across the snow.

From his feet it ran down the short steep, in bold black dots as though of ink; sneaked along at the bottom, where the bents raised lean heads above the snow; threaded brokenly with many a gap mid bog myrtle and

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little pools peering black-eyed through the snow; and in the heart of the bottom came to a sudden end in Danny.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX.

DOOM.

THE fingers at his mouth ceased twitching and were still; then they pulled aside the shawl, as though he wished more air; and his mouth was shown like a seam of iron.

"Here!" he hoarsed.

At that Danny turned with surprised air; saw his master on the brow above, and came to him across the snow, grinning and with lover's eyes.

A yard from the feet of his lord he saw the lank-necked body swinging in the wind; paused on three feet, the fourth caught up delicately, and standing poised so, thrust forth a tentative long nose and sniffed, shocked, interested.

Above him the Laird stooped and stooped, and stooped, until his face was close above the others.

"You lie!" he screamed, and smote at him with the murdered bird.

Danny started as if stabbed. Then he looked up into the face above him, and the heart died out of him as the soul dies out of a man.

But Danny made no move to fly. Where he stood there he lay down in the snow, at his master's feet, shrugged together as a boy waiting a buffet from his mother's hand; and only rolling up his eyes to the blind face above him in dumb appeal to his dear lord to strike quickly.

But the end was not yet. The old man stayed his hand.

He gathered himself and stood up. The wrack of rage had swept upon him like a tempest that leaps upon a countryside, sweeps across it leaving desolation in its wake, and passes on.

He was left devastated, shattered, but himself—himself reft of his soul.

At last the Laird spoke.

"Up!" he said, and said no more.

The old man's fingers played tremulously with the hem of his cloak.

Danny reached up and reached and reached, and licked them.

The Laird snatched his hand away as though it had been burnt, and drew back a pace.

Danny fell to his feet.

A moment he stood in the snow, hopeless, heartless, four-square, and looked into his master's face. Then he lifted up his voice and howled; just as long years before with long-drawn lamentation he had mourned for Missie dead.

The old man made a pace forward with hands that groped, then he steeled himself with an effort that staggered him like a blow.

"Hear!" said the Laird, still now and terrible as never before.

He paused and looked down with burning eyes at the grey face beneath him.

"I cannot do my share," said the Laird. "I cannot kill you because long ago I swore never to lay hand on you to hurt you. But what I can do, I do."

He gathered himself and stood with still finger pointing over the waste of snow.

"Go!" he cried in judgment-voice, terrible as never before. "I dismiss you from before my face—forever."

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN.

FOR EVER.

HE turned and tottered quavering away, slipping often in the snow, the dead bird still dangling in his hand. Danny stood and watched him, shivering, and not with cold; nor made attempt to follow; then he too turned and pattered rapidly away over the snow.

Once he threw up his head as if to howl, pawing in the air as in pleading, but no sound came. Often he blundered in the snow as though blind, righted himself and trailed on in the sodden way of one who is without hope in this world and the next.

So on, till he came to the broken wall beneath the larch-tree wood, bordering the park.

Leaping on it, he stood there, and looked back—a shivering grey shadow, dim in the dusk, with long arched back, hopeless tail, and eyes like wounds.

He saw the high-shouldered figure of the Laird, quavering homewards, slipping ever in the snow, and stumbling in his old man's hurry to be gone, the murdered bird still swinging from his hand; he saw his home beyond, dear, dingy, naked to all the winds that blow; he saw old Lammermore bluffing it behind white-headed now in the falling

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night; then he crouched and leaped as one who leaps into the bottomless pit.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT.

DANNY DEAD.

THE Laird sat in the dusk of the great hall habited as when he had come in. Robin entered, thrust on from behind. The Woman followed, shielding her torch, slammed the door against the following wind, and placed her back against it. Neither spoke; and Robin lolled against the wall, the snow upon him, sobbing like a little boy.

The Woman, haggard-eyed, was watching the cloaked shadow stark and silent in the gloom across the hall.

"Robin, man," urged the Woman, "tell!" and tried to pull his covering arm away from before the old man's face.

"I canna," sobbed Robin. "I just canna," and wriggled free.

"Tell!" cried the Laird, and his voice leaped out of the silence like the voice of a wolf-king.

"It is Danny," gasped the old man, burying his head in his arm against the wall as though to smother his grief.

The Laird sat back without a word.

"Deed!" gasped Robin, and rolled his head on his arm.

"Deed!" wailed the Woman.

"Deed!" said the Laird, and leaning forward, threw them a glance.

Then he rose and gathered his cloak about him.

"Where does he lie?" he asked.

"Stiff and stark on Lammermore," whined Robin, "just as it was in my dream and I am guilty of him."

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE.

THE LAIRD SETS FORTH.

THE Laird pushed by them as they babbled, without a word.

He had passed down the passage and was now fumbling at the great outer door.

The Woman saw, understood, and laid hands on him.

"Crabbe!" called the Laird, thrust down his bonnet, flung back the door, and passed out into the windy night.

"I am guilty of him," sobbed Robin, stumbling blindly past her, "I am guilty of him, who would have died first," and he staggered after his master into the night.

CHAPTER FORTY.

THE HAPPENING ON THE HILL.

OUT of earshot of the door, the Laird turned, with both great hands upon the other's shoulders; and at last spoke.

"Tell on," he said, "tell all."

"There is little to tell," said Robin, sodden, sullen. "When it came to snaw, I put out with the piece, because of my dream, and that if so might be, with Missie helping me, I might meet him, and shoot him, and so make sure."

The old man's voice broke. "And I did meet him," he whined, "hirplin' off the hill laffin'."

"Laughing?" hoarsed the Laird.

"Laffin' like a daftie," said Robin.

"Who?" hoarsed the Laird.

"Who?" cried Robin testily. "Why, Simon Ogg."

The Laird breathed once, and his hands dropped from the other's shoulders.

"And I gave him a cry to stop," Robin continued, "and he just stopped; and when he saw me he was afraid." The old man ceased to sob.

"'What ha' ye been after?' I asked him.

"'Danny,' said he.

"'Where is he?' said I.

"'Up yonder,' said he, pointing. 'In the Neuk of the Brae.'

"'What's he at?' I said.

"Then he looked at me and I looked at him. It was on the edge of the dark, but I could see his face white as the moon, and him shakin'.

"'Will I tell ye?' said he.

"'Best,' said I, joggling the piece.

"'Eating poison,' said he and began to run for his life."

The old man paused. "And just then," he went on at last, "the piece let fire and he gave a bit of a skelp, and over he went like a shot hare. And where he lay, there I left him. And I," said the old man, and came to a sudden halt, "I skeltered off up the hill, and there"—his words were drowned as it were beneath a water-flood—"I found him—my man—my Danny—cauld—cauld as clay—outby in the Neuk of the Brae."

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CHAPTER FORTY-ONE.

THE EXPIATION.

THE Laird stood in the gathering night, rigid as a pillar of stone.

"Then how came Danny dead," he hoarsed, "and you guilty of him?"

"It was the poison, I do tell you!" cried Robin with the querulousness of one who iterates and reiterates and still is not believed. "It was the poison. And oh!" he cried, rambling off into the old woeful refrain, "I am guilty of him. It was me laid it in the Neuk of the Brae."

"Was he with ye, when ye laid it?" asked the Laird.

"With me," cried the other in bitterness of scorn, "of course he was with me. and I tell't him 'What is good for Her and her likes is bad for you and me, my mannie.' And he backed his ears and grinned at me and snuffed it canniely, but never made bid to touch it and oh!" sobbed the old man, "he kenn't," and paused to sob.

"He kenn't," said the Laird gravely.

"And just to think of it," sobbed Robin, "our Danny—Missie's Danny—our Christian Danny—to commit a suicide," he sobbed, "a suicide."

"A suicide," said the Laird.

"And why?" sobbed Robin.

"His heart was dead," said the Laird. "That's just why."

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO.

WHO WAS HER?

IT was not till they were clear of the policies, and had entered the birch woods that the Laird turned.

"What of Simon Ogg?" he asked. "Is he dead?" and made halt.

"Not he," said Robin dolefully, "though he thinks he is, for he whispered to me his last words."

"'Tell his Honor,' said he, 'that I am Her.'

"'This is no news to me,' I said to him.

"'It will be to his Honor!'" he whispered, and tell't me how first he stole a hen for the pot and Danny caught him at it, and Simon ran and threw the bird under a bushie, and cam' back for it that forenoon; and there was your Honor's self, and me, palaverin'; and as he look't Danny howkit the corp from under a bushie, and brought it to Mr. Heriot's feet. That just set Simon on to thinkin'. And afterwards he was for killing the hens, and makin' a stir about Her, that was himself all the while," said Robin, "hopin' to make an end of Danny by puttin' me to the shooting, and would so have done," cried the old man, "but for me that was too much for him. Then," said Robin, "he gar'd me try the poision—as if," cried the old man, "Danny would not ken when I had tell't him to beware just so well as any Christian. And last," said Robin, "knowing your Honor for a hard man, he was for putting it on Danny that he was Her as if," cried Robin, kindling, "you'd likely believe him in that lie."

The old man began to sob again.

"And what cam' afterwards," he said, "I kenna."

"I ken," said the Laird and turned on his way.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE.

ON LAMMERMORE.

UP through the woods he went, Robin slobbering and garrulous still at his elbow.

In the place they call the Neuk of the Brae they came on him they sought. He was lying in the snow as a dog lies in the sun (not curled and with hollow flanks), and long grey muzzle laid along the snow, as often he had lain there at Missie's feet on a Summer evening in the long ago.

The tragedy was plain to any eyes. A distance off lay the fatal bait, half devoured. Here mortal sickness had fallen upon him; here when the pangs had racked him he had crawled and striven, working out his agony alone; and then at last, the throes passing, he had lain upon the tender snow to sleep.

Above the body in the gloom stood the Laird, silent, stark; while Robin sniffled noisily.

There was no mistaking the motive of the little man's end. Death was the measure meted; Death his just due; Death it should be.

"He did murder," said the Laird. "But his life was no lie."

He bent and gathered his dead tenderly and the little body was stiff already and set in the snow as in a winding sheet.

THE END.

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THE GARDEN OF NO. 10 DOWNING STREET

ENGLAND'S NEW PRIME MINISTER.

By T. P. O'Connor.

[On the morning of July 14, 1902, *The London Times* announced the retirement of the English Premier, Lord Salisbury, and the choice of the Rt. Honourable Arthur James Balfour as his successor.—Editor.]

MR. BALFOUR entered Parliament with a score of things in his favor. He had considerable wealth; he was allied with the greatest and most ancient names in the British aristocracy, and his intellectual gifts were high, palpable, undeniable. In a country like England where the aristocracy still reigns almost supreme in society and not far from supreme in at least one political party, such a man is pointed out for great and almost immediate success. A few speeches of promise, a sign of even occasional industry in the House of Commons; and he is an Under Secretary at an age when the ordinary wayfarer and struggler in English life is on a high desk and over distracting account books. Furthermore, Mr. Balfour entered Parliament in 1874 while he was still a youth, he was only twenty-six years of age when he became Member for Hertford, and he has been a member of Parliament ever since. And yet, in spite of these advantages, he was in Parliament for thirteen or fourteen years before anybody ever thought of him as anything beyond a mere indolent amateur who gave to politics the small amount of time he could spare from philosophizings.

If one compare his career with that of one of his contemporaries, colleagues and friends, one will see the difference in their temperaments; and the reason for the contrast in their careers. The late Lord Randolph Churchill entered the House of Commons in exactly the same year as Mr. Balfour; and his first few years of Parliamentary life were even more undistinguished than those of Mr. Balfour, with the additional disadvantage that Lord Randolph was popularly supposed to burn the candle of life at both ends while Mr. Balfour was more than a pattern of the virtues. In youth, or in middle age,

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THE CHIEF RECEPTION ROOM, NO. 10 DOWNING STREET.

An apartment redecorated by Lord Beaconsfield at a great private expense. Set into the walls are portraits of celebrated First Lords.

he has been serene, passionless, equable; with no more longing for violent emotion than the Sybarite for thorns in his bed of roses. Furthermore, Mr. Balfour might be indolent and unsatisfactory but he was always decorous. Lord Randolph, on the other hand, reverenced no law of God or man, and while his own party were in power, while that feared and wondrous figure of the Oriental Sphinx was dictator of that party and even while Lord Randolph's own father was a highly placed and highly-paid member of the Administration, Lord Randolph got up and attacked, sneered at, ridiculed some members of the Ministry in language of frank bad taste and candid scorn to which the House of Commons was up to then entirely unaccustomed. Mr. Balfour, in the same period, had taken the very different course of introducing a Burials' Bill, for at that epoch the ministers of different Christian communions had not yet reconciled themselves to the commingling in death of the dust of Christians who in life had differed on points of doctrine and ritual.

The two men were, it is true, in the Fourth Party together, that small and famous group whose exploits have become almost as legendary in the realms of politics as the adventures of the "Three Musketeers" in the sphere of fiction. But here again the different natures of the two men revealed themselves. Lord Randolph Churchill was always in his place, Mr. Balfour was there occasionally; Lord Randolph attacked the Ministry by foul means as well as by fair, Mr. Balfour always remained within the strict lines of chivalrous warfare; Lord Randolph assailed the respected and ancient leaders of his own party; Mr. Balfour never departed from the limits of strict courtesy and respect. The differences between the characters and performances of the two men were brought out in bizarre and bold relief on a historic afternoon in the eighties. The Fourth Party had never been taken very seriously; it was too reckless, too small, too young to be so taken—though as a matter of

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fact it was one of the most momentous and most grave portents of modern Parliament. When, therefore, the rumour spread that the Fourth Party was broken up, there was laughter as loud as though one were told that there had been a bloody battle in the kingdom of the ants. And Mr. Balfour only accentuated the apparent grotesqueness of the situation by openly separating himself from his old colleagues, and ostentatiously sitting in a different part of the House. If I were an artist and were asked to illustrate the different epochs in the career of Mr. Balfour, I would choose that afternoon as showing Mr. Balfour when he was least understood and when he was in the nadir of his Parliamentary life. The very place he sate was a revelation of the lowliness of his political rank.

As everybody acquainted with the House of Commons knows, every seat in that assembly has its traditions, its character, and its revelations. The front bench below the gangway, for instance, on the Opposition side of the House, is always the seat which is taken by the leader of the guerilla warfare on

NO. 10 DOWNING STREET.

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the Government of the day; today, for instance, it is the seat of Mr. Labouchere; in the far-off days of the Fourth Party it was the seat of Lord Randolph Churchill. It signifies a group, a spirit, a temperament—the temperament of the reckless, inexhaustible, irreconcilable *frondeur*. On the other hand, the seats above the gangway, on both sides of the House, represent the conventional, decorous, docile spirit—the men who on either side accept

But the House of Commons saw only the comic side of the situation, and indeed the uneasy smile on Mr. Balfour's face when he got up from his new place revealed that he himself felt rather the ridiculous than the serious side of the transaction—it has been one of his drawbacks in political life that he has never appeared to take himself with sufficient seriousness. When he rose there was a long and loud roar of laughter and an outburst of what are called "ironical cheers."

"THE PITT ROOM," 10 DOWNING STREET

The Dining Hall in which Ministerial Dinners are held.

the party shibboleths, stand squarely on the party platform and follow humbly the party leaders. On that particular afternoon in the eighties, Lord Randolph Churchill still sat on the first bench below the gangway while Mr. Balfour rose to ask a question from the third bench above the gangway; it was the most self-effaced, modest, servile and docile place a member could choose out of the whole House; it marked definite separation from revolt and forays; it was Mr. Balfour's hour of conversion.

Mr. Balfour, if taken at that moment, would have to be represented with a handkerchief sticking out of his pocket or dangling in his hands, with a somewhat inane expression of face; with the long, dark coat and the generally sombre dress of a clergyman of the Established Church; and above all, with a long, lank, willowy form ending in a thin neck and a small head. It was the days of the æsthetics and the Bunthornes and the sunflower—Mr. Balfour might have stood with a sunflower in his hand, a too-too utter expres-

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sion in his face, and the considerable bend in his back of the stained-glass attitude, as the type and impersonation of the whole race.

It will be understood, then, with what feelings the world one day heard the astounding rumour that Mr. Balfour was to become Chief Secretary for Ireland in succession to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach—retired by ill-health. There was a storm of laughter, ridicule, even contempt. For of all the offices in the Ministry at that time, the

THE CELEBRATED "CABINET CHAMBER."

Once Mr. Balfour's work room. Until the past decade or so, when Lord Salisbury's Cabinet has generally met at the Foreign office, practically all the Cabinet Councils since 1856 have been held here. There are double doors, windows and locks.

Chief Secretaryship for Ireland was the one which demanded the qualities in which Mr. Balfour seemed to be so conspicuously lacking. It was the great days of Parnell. That matchless leader was then at the head, not merely of a brilliant and united party in the House of Commons, but also of a mighty organization which in a sense was more the real Government of Ireland than that which had behind it the battleships and the bayonets of British rule. Among the members of Mr. Parnell's party were men whose Parliamentary gifts were the equal, if not the superior of those of any other party in the House, and the Nationalist journalism of Ireland was inspired by the pen, at once mordant and eloquent, of one of the greatest of combatant writers and speakers, Mr. William O'Brien. Man after man of both the political parties had tried conclusions with the mighty Irish movement, man after man had been broken on the wheel. Lord Frederick Cavendish had fallen bravely fighting for the life of a comrade in a pool of blood in Phœnix Park, Dublin. Sir George Trevelyan, entering office with hair black as a raven's wing, left it after a couple of years, old and prematurely ruined in health.

Furthermore, the Irish movement had just received enormous impetus and incalculable accession of strength from the adoption of Home Rule by the then most potent person-

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THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR,
Born July 25, 1843.

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ality in England—Mr. Gladstone. At the moment, too, of the entrance of Mr. Balfour on the Chief Secretaryship, the National League—as the Irish organization of the period was called—was at its strongest, Mr. Parnell's power was still unbroken. And it was, therefore, with something approaching to amazement as well as ridicule that people heard that Mr. Balfour had undertaken the conflict with forces so mighty, so terrible, so united. They would have been a little less surprised if a decadent poet had suddenly been promoted to the position of Commander-in-chief. But Mr. Balfour required circumstances to reveal him, to bring out his qualities, and to show to the world that they had all along entirely mistaken their man.

Still, even in his new office he began by doing much to prove the misgivings with which his appointment had been received. It was his mournful duty to propose coercion and to enter into the awful conflict in which assassination might be the weapon on one side and lengthy and cruel imprisonments on the other. This is a proposal which the House of Commons never accepts gladly; and the burden of proof is on the Minister who proposes it. Mr. Balfour even now is often a halting speaker; but at this epoch he had not yet learned any self-confidence, and he had never, up to that time, made even one decent and convincing speech. When the time came, then, for him to convince the House that the suspension of the Constitution in Ireland had become necessary, he made a very poor plea; and it was not till his case was backed up by the more practised oratory and by the fiery and vehement delivery of Mr. Goschen that his measure had a chance of general acceptance. But the Coercion Bill was passed, and then began one of the fiercest conflicts of modern warfare.

The unloosing of coercion brought into the field the revolutionary forces in Ireland and in America, and Mr. Balfour found himself living in an atmosphere such as was breathed in Italy—for example—at the time when Mazzini and Garibaldi preached the gospel of the bullet and the knife as weapons in the destruction of tyrants and the liberation of a people. Outside the Revolutionary circles there were arrayed against Mr. Balfour men with a spirit quite as fearless as his own. Man after man defied him; man after man went to jail, man after man left the comforts of home to sleep on plank beds, and eat the coarse and sparing fare and endure the awful solitude and confinement of the convict cell. There were bloody encounters between police and the crowds that gathered to Irish meetings; and, in short, there was something like civil war in Ireland.

Throughout all that trying time, Mr. Balfour never quailed. He took up his position, and stuck to it with inflexible resolution. Threats, vituperations, pleadings—all were in vain. He fought, and fought almost single-handed, some of the mightiest of parliamentary gladiators—Gladstone, Parnell, John Morley, Sexton, William O'Brien, John Dillon; later he had even to encounter the formidable assault on his flank of his old comrade-in-arms, Lord Randolph Churchill. The subsequent fates of the two men had been as characteristic of their different temperaments as their early strivings and youthful comradeship-in-arms. Lord Randolph Churchill, with that fierce self-assertion and that absorption in political success which were his characteristics, had in just a few years raised himself from obscurity and even laughter and contempt to the position of leader of his party in the House of Commons; and he was on the steps of the throne of supreme command when that restless, uncertain, and impatient temper of his made him slip; and when he once slipped it was as from the top of an Alpine mountain; there was neither hope nor mercy nor even pause for him till he crashed down from crag to crag to the abyss of ruin, madness and death. But before the end came, Lord Randolph had turned on the men who had first risen by him and then trampled on him; and he became the critic of the Minister who had once been his subordinate. But even this did not discomfit, though it palpably pained Mr. Balfour.

Meantime, the constant demands upon him for speeches; the vehemence and constancy of the attacks upon him—had compelled him to energy and frequency of speech; and to the surprise of the House of Commons, and perhaps to his own, he suddenly developed into one of the most powerful and convincing debaters of the House. The hesitation of speech was occasionally there, and the awkwardness of gesture and the slight harshness of voice; but on the other hand, Mr. Balfour showed that great

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power of analyzing and then crushing the arguments of an opponent, which is the especial quality of the logical Scotch mind. The despised and halting and abashed speaker became the easy, self-confident and triumphant parliamentary athlete who seemed to long for conflict, and was never happier than when he was meeting the blows simultaneously delivered from all his many Parliamentary foes.

Soon the divorce case in which Parnell was implicated came on; and then the split, and its hideous controversies and mud-slinging, and then the death of Parnell and the break-up of the once omnipotent combination by which Mr. Balfour had been confronted. And so it was that when Mr. Gladstone sought for the verdict of the nation on Mr. Balfour's Irish policy, there was an indecisive result; Mr. Balfour was overthrown, it is true, but Mr. Gladstone's power depended on the very uncertain foundation of a miserably small and insufficient majority.

The extraordinary run of luck which had attended Mr. Balfour up to this point was apparently inexhaustible. Mr. W. H. Smith —the leader who had succeeded to Lord Randolph Churchill—died just at the moment when Mr. Balfour's Irish record had placed him in the very zenith of his power and fame. And so—while still in the merest parliamentary youth—as years are counted in an assembly mostly of middle-aged and elderly men,—Mr. Balfour attained to the great position of leader of the House of Commons. He had done it all by the work of a few sessions of Parliament. Such are the surprises of political life.

And yet it may be doubted whether Mr. Balfour has ever been so successful since the moment when he attained to the leadership of the House. For then it was that the external force, which has always been necessary to bring out his qualities and his strength, was removed. It may appear very curious to anybody who does not know Mr. Balfour and the House of Commons, that the leadership of the House should not be a position to bring out a man's best Parliamentary qualities, But the leadership of the House of Commons is one of the positions that will be just what the man who takes the place likes to make it. It may be very effective; it may be very ineffective; it may be laborious; it may be indolent; it may be a great thing; it may be a small thing. Take two of the great leaders whom the House of Commons has known in our own times. Disraeli took his position so seriously that he once said to a young Parliamentary aspirant—the late Sir John Pope Hennessy—that a young member ought to be always in the House of Commons except when he is in the library; and that then he ought to be reading Hansard—Hansard being the reports of the Parliamentary debates. He himself acted up to this principle. He was always in his place. Indeed, of the many strange things I have seen men do, I never saw anything so strange—weird even and almost incredible—as Mr. Disraeli's demeanor in the House of Commons. He would sit by the hour together in a position of absolute impassivity that made him look like a statue. And when I add that this impassive figure was yellow, skinny drawn—with ringlets of raven-black dyed hair; with the long and prominent nose and all the other features of the typically Jewish face, you can understand what a strange and striking figure he made in the House. Of course, it was the pose of a man who regulated his whole attitude so as to add to its picturesqueness and mystery.

Gladstone was the very antithesis of all this. He was restlessness itself; and his face was as transparent as the changing face of a lake under the changeful April sky. His very entrance into the House revealed the strenuousness of his character. The questions to him were placed last on the Order Paper; and as it was an inflexible rule of his life not to waste a single moment of his time, he never turned up in the House until immediately before the moment when his questions had to be answered. You could see when he entered what a race he was running always with the ever running footsteps of Time. He came in breathless; for some moments after he sat down he panted almost painfully; there was a certain wildness of look about his eyes; it was evident that he had just returned from the long walk he took every day; and that he had run perhaps the last few steps; he used to choose one particular entrance into the House for the characteristic reason that he saved thereby one minute and five seconds over any other route.

Compare these two great exemplars with the attitude and conduct of Mr. Balfour. The very way he sits is a revelation of character. He sprawls out his long legs; in-

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Photograph by C. K. Emery.

MR. BALFOUR PLAYING GOLF.

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stead of sitting he stretches himself on the Treasury Bench, and looks as if his whole body were resting on the nape of his somewhat delicate neck. And as he is physically, so he is intellectually. The leader of the House of Commons never seems to have an accurate knowledge of its day-to-day life. At his side must always be the Chief Ministerial Whip to whisper into his ears the names of the bills that have to be discussed, that can be postponed, or that must be immediately dealt with. He is constantly making mistakes, talking of the Army Estimates when he should speak of the Navy; of Tuesday when he means Thursday; of Bill No. 13 on the Order paper when it should be Bill No. 23; and so on. The House is disposed as a rule to take these things lightly; but when it gets angry or impatient or has a sense of neglect or whenever the tide is running against the Government—as it must sometimes do, whatever be the strength of the Government—these things are remembered, are resented, and are used as weapons against Mr. Balfour. And when party passion runs high, it is certainly aggravating to the supporters of Mr. Balfour that he should absent himself from the House when the debate is at its hottest; and to his political opponents that in the brief and distant intervals of his appearance he should be mainly employed in moving the closure.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that, in some respects, no man's leadership could be more successful than that of Mr. Balfour. He has a sweet and pleasant temper, a judicial mind, a tolerant disposition. He desires so far as he can, to be at peace with all men. The result is that he is courtesy itself, that his word is accepted with implicit reliance by opponent as well as friend; and that he is the most popular man personally in the whole House of Commons. He is not a strenuous leader; but then the Conservative party does not always want strenuous leaders, and perchance his very indolence and easy-goingness do something to make things run more smoothly and more expeditiously in the end than if the guidance of the machine were in more impatient and vigorous hands.

But the real basis of the irritation which Mr. Balfour often creates in the House of Commons is the sense that he does not sufficiently care for it—sufficiently respect it—take it with sufficient seriousness. In his inner mind, Mr. Balfour, people think, looks upon the House of Commons as any other body of partially informed and partially enlightened men—liable to caprice, ignorance, gusts of passion, eddies and flows and cross-currents that are at once unaccountable and irrational. "The truth is," said Sir William Harcourt once, summarizing Mr. Balfour's attitude towards the House of Commons, "Arthur looks on us as vulgar fellows." Such an attitude of mind—partly, I am sure, unconscious—in no degree arising, I am equally sure, from self-conceit—is in the Cecil family. A tendency to look askance at the rude and uninformed wisdom of crowds and to prefer the sages of the closet and the cell.

The favorite diversion of Mr. Balfour is philosophy. The leisure that other men would give to the novel, he devotes to the discussion of some of the profoundest of human problems; the truth of revelation—the conflict between the spiritual and the materialistic conceptions of the being and future of Man; he is true not only to the heredity of his family, but of that curious Scotch race to which he belongs; the race that has produced at once the most practical minds and the most subtle intellects of the world. Mr. Balfour is often absent-minded, inaccurate, slovenly, indolent in the House of Commons; but it is because while his body is there, his soul is far away. It soars to the misty mountain tops of God and Life; the Soul, the Unseen, the Eternal; in short he has essentially the theological mind. To such a mind and temperament the question whether it is to be the sixth Order or the sixteenth which is to be discussed and whether that discussion shall take place on the night of Tuesday or the morning of Friday—nay, even the larger issues of navies and armies—of one kind of Ministry or another, cannot look other than as the transient struggles of pigmies in their passing and noisy and empty hour. It is one of the ironies of history that a man of such a type should be in charge of the petty office work, the small bookkeeping, the mere petty domestic duties of a Parliamentary leader. It is a contrast which carries within it a contradiction and a conflict, which in time will have its full Nemesis.

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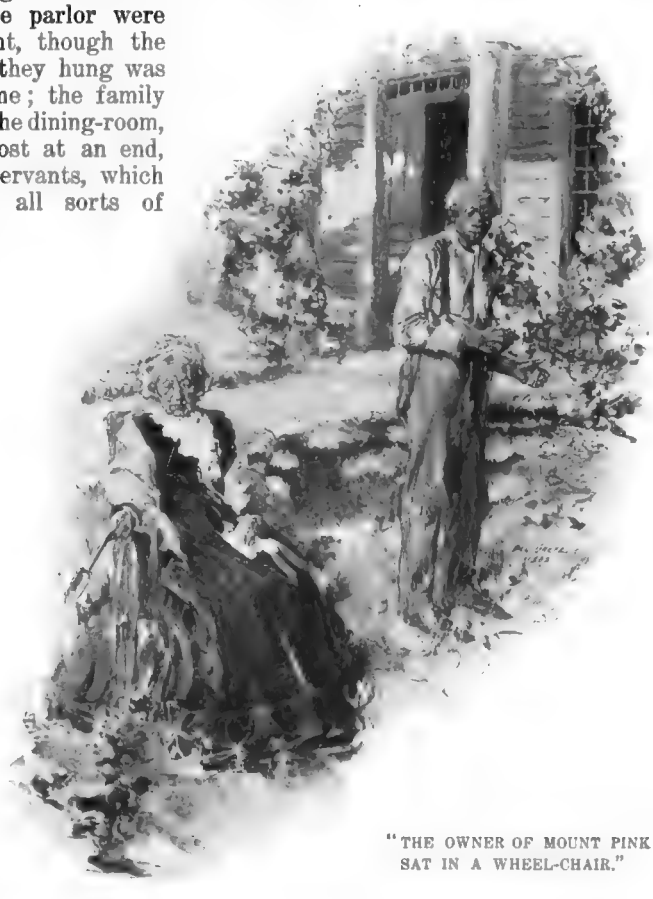
THE ARGUMENT FOR DAVID.

By Mary Tracy Earle.

Illustrated by Will Greene.

MOUNT PINK plantation was a high red-clay hill among other red-clay hills. At its top, among some gaunt oak trees, stood a big, weather-beaten house, one of those mixtures of dignity and poverty so often seen in the South. It was bare of paint and fraying at the corners, but its deep gallery and broad central hall gave it a permanent effect of hospitality. It might fall apart, board by board, but it could never look ungenerous; as the scales of paint fell from it, it wrapped itself in memories. Within it, too, life went on as nearly as possible along the old lines. The family portraits in the parlor were never swathed out of sight, though the paper on the walls where they hung was blistered and stained by time; the family silver still stood on view in the dining-room, though the family was almost at an end, and the fidelity of the old servants, which made it possible to leave all sorts of salable treasures strewn about the house, was a matter of pride to their mistress, who was an invalid and unable to keep strict guard. The same faithfulness to the past, and the same contrast between the past and the present showed in the dooryard. Once it had been a garden, filled with choice imported flowers; now "Tread Saft'y" spread its nettles for unwary feet, broomsedge grew waist-high, and "Ain't-you-'shamed?" the wild, pink-blossomed sensitive plant, had spread everywhere. But, through the sedge, roses struggled into fragile bloom; along the old walks the ghosts of hyacinths and tulips peeped out in the spring; while near the house, two strips of ground were still carefully cultivated, and rioted in blossoms—one form and tint following another from uncertain February to steadfast November, with its failing, Indian summer warmth.

In this dooryard Mrs. Alvis, the owner of Mount Pink, sat in a wheel-chair, reaching down with a long-handled trowel to dig around her flowers. Her face was thin, dark as a shadow, and full of lines and hollows which had been worn into it by pain; yet her motions were swift and determined,



"THE OWNER OF MOUNT PINK SAT IN A WHEEL-CHAIR."

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as if she were trying to work very fast while she had strength to work at all. Once in a while she leaned back in her chair for a moment, closing her eyes with an expression of extreme weariness, while a quiver of annoyance crossed her face, as if she would like to close her ears, too; for standing near her was a superannuated negro, talking and laughing to himself.

This was Cathcart, the oldest man on the plantation, and once its pride, on account of his unusual height and strength. Although standing in a loose-jointed, drooping way, and evidently sunken and shrunken from age, he was still markedly tall, and the muscles of his shoulders and arms showed through his shirt as if their power were still in them, though forgotten. Mrs. Alvis's father-in-law, who had been a young man when Cathcart was in his prime, had trained him like an athlete, teaching him to care for himself as he would for any other fine animal, and on that account, perhaps, the vigor of Cathcart's educated body had outlived that of his ignorant mind. On many an old plantation some such dependent may be found, kept and cared for in memory of other days; yet Cathcart was not altogether useless. It was his task to wheel Mrs. Alvis in her chair and to lift her in and out of it. When she did not need him he played like a child. Just now he had piled a store of clods on the edge of the gallery and was "chunking" the clumps of "Ain't-you-'shamed?" with unerring aim.

"Looky dar, looky dar," he chuckled, as the prickly stems shrank from his missiles, leaf touching leaf with the alarm, until the whole plant had shivered as far toward safety as it could. "Looky dar; dat's jus' de way dey did when I was a boy. Dey ain't learned no bettah in all dese yeahs, an' I reckon it's mo'n a hundred. You-all kin tell I'se ole, for I kin recollect when de stars fell in Baltimore."

"I'm tired of hearing you say that, Cathcart," Mrs. Alvis told him. "You've said that same thing over and over all the morning. I reckon you'd better stop chunking the 'Ain't-you-'shamed!'"

The old man turned his faded, bleared face toward her. "I'se exuhcisin', Miss Thomasia," he explained. "Marse Billy, he tole me way 'long back dat I mus'n't wuk all day—paht de time I mus' jus' exuhcise."

"Can't you do it without talking, then?" she asked.

He had returned to his clods and seemed not to hear. "——Ain't learned no bettah in all dese yeahs," he mumbled, "an' you-all kin tell I'se ole. I kin recollect when de stars fell in Baltimore."

"You-all cain't git nothin' by 'spostulatin' with Uncle Cathcart, Miss Thomasia," a voice said gently behind her. "Uncle Cathcart he's done reached de sundown hour when he can do what he pleases."

An ashen-hued mulatto, with a sad, meditative face, had come swiftly and silently through the dooryard. He passed round the chair and stood in front of Mrs. Alvis. "De ears dey gits deaf to 'spostulation, to'ads de las'," he continued philosophically, "an' den comes happy days."

"Good morning, Saint Elmo," Mrs. Alvis said. "What's brought you up the hill?"

Saint Elmo came a little closer. "Miss Thomasia," he began, lowering his voice, as if he feared that Cathcart might be less deaf to some other things than to expostulation, "dere was a pair o' ole pants Mr. Ridge used to weah 'round hyar befo' he went off to college. I done tole him dey wouldn't be fittin' faw him to take among strangahs—he didn't take 'em, did he, Miss Thomasia?"

"No, Saint, he didn't take them."

Saint Elmo glanced down pensively at his long legs. "Me an' Mr. Ridge is jus' of a height," he said. "Miss Thomasia, you-all has heard of de occasion we'se goin' to have down at Mount Pink chu'ch-house, hasn't you? Dey's app'inted me to meet ole Henry Shack in debate. If I wins, de Missionary Baptis's what I represents will have de chu'ch-house, an' de Primitive Baptis's will have to promulgate around an' build demselves a new chu'ch-house; but if Henry Shack wins, den dey gits de house, an' de burden of de promulgatin' falls on we-all; I wants to make de bes' appearance dat I kin, so I 'lowed if Mr. Ridge was done wid dem pants——"

"What are you going to debate?" Mrs. Alvis asked.

"David and Solomon, which was de bigges' man—an' I thinks Solomon," Saint Elmo answered. He gave a cautious glance to right and left. "I thinks Solomon, Miss Thomasia, faw dat's de side dey've give me to suppoht, but I cain't quite make out *why* I thinks Solomon. Couldn't you-all learn me a little argyment, Miss Thomasia? I'se done give out to dose Primitive Baptis's

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dat I has eddication, an' I wants to prove it to 'em. I'd keep you-all's assistance a mighty clost secret; I don't want dem Primitive Baptis's lettin' on dat I don't know enough to produce a little argyment by myse'f."

"Miss Thomasia" stared straight ahead of her with a droll drawing down of her lips. An invalid, and now left quite alone with her colored servants on her old plantation, she had never lost her keen zest in living, her readiness to take up the slightest interest that offered. It would amuse her to debate with keen, wizened old Henry Shack, through the lips of his mild adversary.

"There's probably a good deal on Solomon's side," she agreed. "I'll think it over; you can come up to-morrow morning and we'll see what you'd better say."

"And dem pants?" Saint inquired hopefully.

Mrs. Alvis laughed outright. If she furbished up Saint's argument she could not do less for his wardrobe. "Go and get them. They are hanging in his closet," she said.

Saint went upstairs and soon came back and took his departure, a pair of long trousers hanging over his arm. As he went down the hill, an immensely fat negress came waddling up it from the other side. She was short of breath when she reached the dooryard, but her face shone with good-will.

"AN IMMENSELY FAT NEGRESS CAME WADDLING UP."

"Law, Miss Thomasia, still diggin' at dem flowers?" she panted. "My ole Henry had ought to come up hyar an' take keer of dem, an' I reckon I'll sen' him when I gits home." She stopped for lack of breath and stood beaming down at the frail, worn woman in the chair. "Heah me! Miss Thomasia," she broke out suddenly. "If you-all ain't jus' as pretty to-day as de day little Marse Billy brung you home! Jus' as pretty, only now you is a lily an' den you was a rose."

"Sit down, Cindy," Mrs. Alvis said; "you need rest after such a compliment."

She pointed to the doorstep, but the old woman did not wish to be seated. Instead she came a little closer, and let her voice fall, just as Saint's had fallen.

"Miss Thomasia," she began, "de bes' coat my ole Henry evah had was dat one Mr. Ridge give him yeah befo' las'. It come down mos' to de groun' an' made him look like a preachah, but las' wintah was so cold he had to weah it common, an' he sho'ly used it hard." She paused, either for breath, or to consider the most diplomatic way of going forward.

"And so you want another of Mr. Ridge's coats for Henry to wear when he meets Saint Elmo Stroud in debate," Mrs. Alvis said.

Cindy threw up her hands. "Heah me! How come you-all know dat?" she asked. "Dat's jus' what I wanted, 'case my ole Henry needs to look as 'spectable as he kin. Henry's got sense, but he ain't eddicated, an' 'tween you an' me, Miss Thomasia, he cain't read mo'n a ole mule kin—er me, an' yet he's settin' hisse'f up again Saintie Stroud, disputin' who's goin' to have de ole chu'ch-house. An', Miss Thomasia, everybody *knows* dat Saintie has been to school a right smart, an' dat Henry ain't got no business contendin' ag'in him, claimin' dat David was smarter'n his eddicated young son Solomon, what had had mo' chance."

"I shouldn't worry," Mrs. Alvis said. "A smart old fellow like Henry can hold his own any day."

"Honey," the old woman protested, "if dey was disputin' about crops, er coon hunt-

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in', er somethen dey *knows* about, Henry suhtainly would have a good show; but when it comes to David an' Solomon what Henry ain't nevah seed, he don't have no chance. I done tole him he's a fool." She looked around to see that no one was overhearing, and then came a step closer, whispering mysteriously, "I done tole him I's gwine ask you-all to he'p him out. I knowed you'd do it if we kep' our moufs shut. In co'se you wouldn't want to have it spread about dat you'd he'ped—you don't want ter git you'se'f mixed up in no nigger disputes."

Mrs. Alvis laughed. Surely it would only be fair to help both sides. If there was much to be said for Solomon, there was also much to be said for David, and to argue with herself through the two debaters would be even more amusing than to argue with old Henry Shack. "Why, yes, Cindy," she promised, "I think I can help Henry a little if you send him up here to-morrow evening. I gave Cathcart the only coat Ridge left, but I'll tell him to lend it to Henry for the debate."

Cathcart all the while had been gleefully throwing his clods and talking to himself. Cindy turned to speak to him, but changed her mind and came back to Mrs. Alvis.

"Miss Thomasia, Little Cathcart's back, sneakin' an' spyin' around," she whispered. "Has he come up hyar yet to see de ole man?"

Mrs. Alvis frowned. The old man's grandson had proved an unworthy namesake, taking all the bad and none of the good out of the new conditions of the South. A little unwise education and a great many bad influences had made him a negro decadent

"HENRY . . . WAS TRYING TO REMEMBER A BEAUTIFUL SENTENCE ABOUT DAVID AND THE PEBBLE."

—lazy, vicious, quite sure that he was not free as long as he had to work. In point of fact, he had been at work and had not been free during the past ten years, for the state had taken him in charge. It was ill news to hear that he was at large again; he was sure to demonstrate his freedom far more to his own satisfaction than to that of other people.

"If he comes round hyar have him turned off de place," Cindy went on warningly. "He come sneakin' up to me in my cotton patch yeste'day, an' he ask me questions jus' like a spy. He want to know all about you-all, an' what house suhvants you has now, an' if his gran'paw has los' his strength. He 'lowed mebbe he could git to wuk faw you, but I knowed he didn't want no wuk; he was jus' a-spyin', an' I done tole him not to open his big mouf askin' *me* 'bout

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you-all's house. I tole him ole Cathcart was strongah'n evah." She chuckled softly and glanced at the old man slouching against the gallery and tossing his clods.

"Little Cathcart won't trouble anything on Mount Pink," Mrs. Alvis declared. "He's about as bad as he can be, but he'll not forget where he's been well treated. I'm sorry to have him in the neighborhood, though, for he'll do harm somewhere. Why, Cindy, talk of David's not being as smart as his educated young son Solomon—look at Cathcart and Little Cathcart. Little Cathcart may know the most, but the old man is worth two of him, even now—in strength as well as in goodness."

Cindy was much impressed. Those great figures from the past seemed to step out of their mist into tangible reality. The injustice to Solomon, whose representative did him small honor, and the fact that old Cathcart was more like Goliath than David, did not weigh with her. "Dat's so," she said solemnly; "dat's so. I'll set my ole Henry to studyin' 'bout dat." She stared a while at Cathcart for further inspiration, then said good-by and waddled off, freighted with her great idea.

"If I can make as brilliant a suggestion to Saint Elmo, that debate will be marvellous," Mrs. Alvis thought with a smile. She had not been so well amused since Ridge went to college.

Saint Elmo proved a ready pupil, catching up sentence after sentence, and rolling them off with sonorous ease; but old Henry, shrewdly as he could discuss the matters which fell within his experience, found great difficulty in picking up either thoughts or words from Mrs. Alvis. As Cindy had said, he lacked "eddication," and so found it hard to help himself from another person's mental store. He was a good old man; but if Mrs. Alvis's ideas had been the traditional chickens roosting high on a dark night, he could have possessed himself of them with less mental pain. Cindy came with him to each rehearsal, and, though she could no more remember what was told than he could, her impatience with him knew no bounds. Cathcart and Little Cathcart were firm in both their minds, but they were the theme of only one short period, and quite insufficient for such an occasion as the debate.

"I done tole you you was a fool," Cindy burst out on the last day. Henry was standing patiently in front of Mrs. Alvis, scratching the broad, wool-bordered path which the years had worn in passing over his head, and trying to remember a beautiful sentence about David and the pebble. "I done tole you not to let dat Saintie Stroud change de debate frum 'Which side gits de chu'ch-house?' to 'David an' Solomon, which was de bigges' man?' Dat Saintie Stroud *knowed* you could n't make no argyment 'bout dem ole men you nevah set eyes on, an' dat's how-come he got de debate changed."

Henry continued to rub his finger-tip up and down his bald pate. "I'se got de right on my side," he said stubbornly. "It don't make no diffrunce *what* we'se debatin', de chu'ch-house belongs to de Primitive Baptis's; dey built it, an' it's deirn. I'se got de right on my side—nuffin ain't gwine ter change dat."

"But the decision on David and Solomon will settle the matter, won't it?" Mrs. Alvis asked. It had never occurred to her before to investigate the right and wrong of the real issue; the debate had been a game with which to amuse herself—that was all.

"In co'se David an' Solomon decides it," Cindy cried. "Saintie Stroud couldn't say a word to prove dat de Missionary Baptis's had ought to have de chu'ch-house, so he went all 'round claimin' dat de occasion would be mo' interestin' if dey debated a Bible question; an' my ole Henry an' all on our side was so dumb dat dey let him fix it how he pleased. An' dat's how-come I made Henry come hyar to have you learn him a little argyment. Dat Saintie, he's so entuprisin' he could jus' steal de bones out of my ole Henry's body, an' de po' fool wouldn't know it till he got up an' stahted to walk eround."

Henry looked discomfited. "I'se got de right on my side—nuffin' cain't change dat," he protested.

There was no doubt of it, as Mrs. Alvis found on further questioning; but it was equally sure that Saint's glib oration would win the debate unless Henry made remarkable use of the hours that were left. Mrs. Alvis hated to be the promoter of an injustice; she put him through a drill which quite exhausted her, and left him bordering on mental collapse.

Mount Pink "church-house," the stake to be awarded so oddly, stood just below

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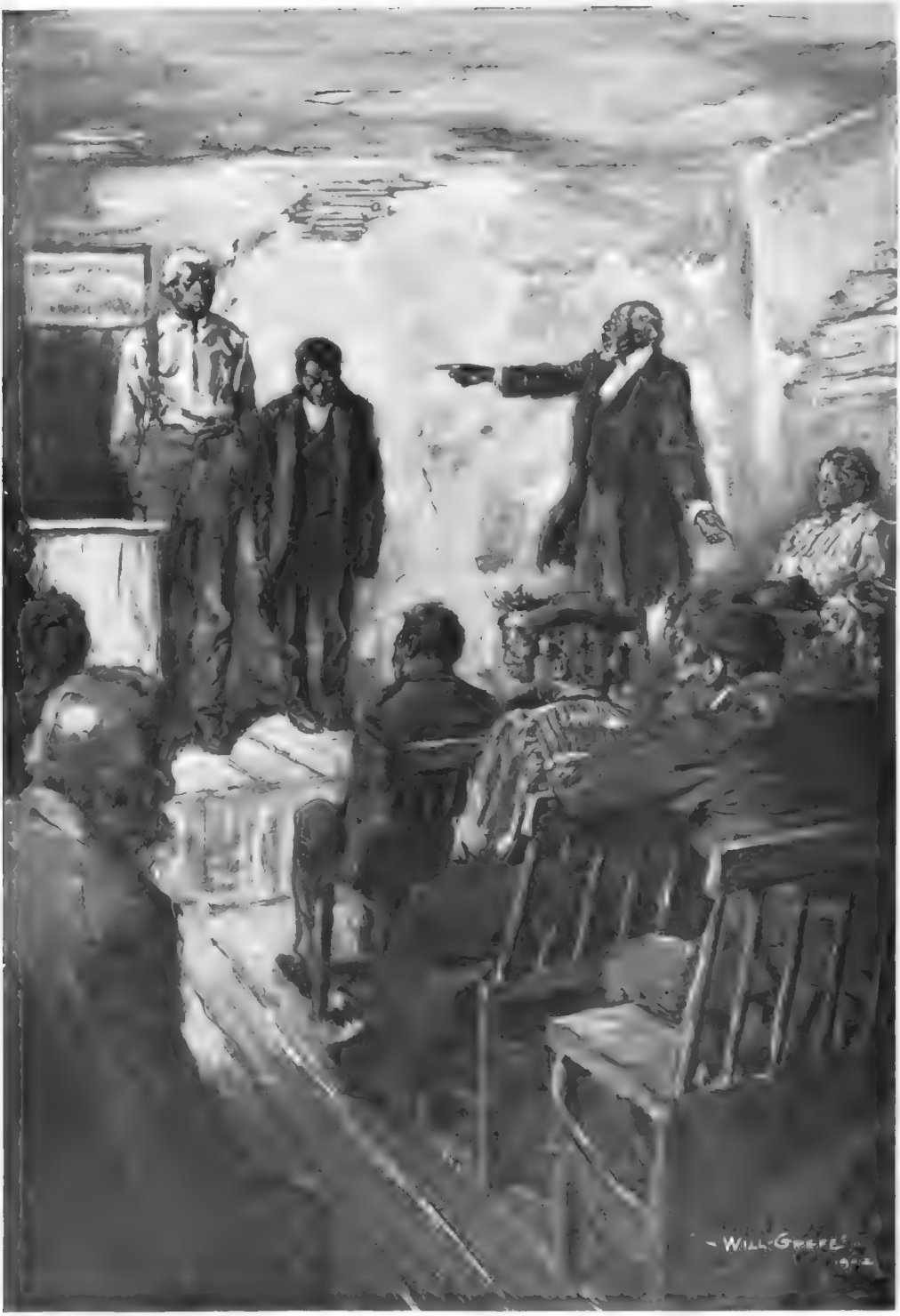

"'DERE DEY IS, DAVID AN' SOLOMON BEFO' YOU' EYES.'"

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the plantation. It was a lank, ricketty, unpainted board structure, too poor to be a self-respecting barn; but to the negroes of the neighborhood it was a costly evidence of self-sacrificing toil, as well as a sacred edifice, and, now that there was schism in the congregation, feeling ran high as to the ownership of the church. The decision by debate had been Saint Elmo's idea from first to last, and he had worked it so skilfully that Cindy was the only one who saw the injustice of the final arrangement; to every one else it seemed a fair solution of the difficulty, for the debate was to be judged by three negro ministers from neighborhoods so distant as to insure neutrality.

The affair took place in the church itself, and when night came it was crowded with dusky auditors, rolling their eyes and enjoying the occasion to the full. Helpless as she was, Mrs. Alvis had given all her house servants permission to attend it. Even old Cathcart had wandered down the hill, but, as he was very vague as to what it was all about, the repression of listening tired him, and before the first speech was finished he strayed back to the "big house."

Saint Elmo spoke first, filling the ears of the assembly with flowery images and long, satisfying words. Mrs. Alvis had done her work with a humorous appreciation of the taste it was to please—Solomon the rich, Solomon the builder of the glorious temple, Solomon the wise, saying "Vanity of vanities"—picture after picture she painted of him in gorgeous superfluity of words. Nothing could be surer of catching the fancy of a half barbaric audience than Saint's address, unless it was the argument for David with which Henry had been struggling. In speaking of Solomon, she had appealed to their love of coloring and magnificence, but when David was the subject she struck a deeper note, addressing the poet and the musician which walk hand in hand with every negro's crude intelligence. Unconsciously she had put far more of real thought and feeling into the plea for David; there was more of herself in it, and that, perhaps, was one of the reasons for Henry's finding it so hard to learn. The faulty, great-souled psalmist had been her companion from childhood; she put his story into simpler words than Solomon's, but they were words with the thrill of music.

Saint Elmo sat down in a storm of approval, and old Henry teetered nervously forward. There was a look about his face as if a thin film of ashes had been sprinkled over it, and his bow-legs shook till they almost knocked together at the knees. For the first time in his life he was overwhelmed by a situation. The whole weight of Mount Pink "chu'ch-house" seemed resting on his shoulders, and he felt himself the unworthy advocate of a worthy cause. He turned and faced his audience. Absolute silence had fallen, for Henry was a great man among his fellows, and they waited breathlessly for his onslaught upon Solomon and Saint. He was silent also. He looked straight ahead of him—to the right, to the left—his ideas were nowhere in sight. There was a long and nervous pause. Then some one tittered. Henry put up his forefinger and began to rub the track from his forehead to his crown.

Cindy knew that sign, and her indignation rose. She was sitting toward the front; she half-lifted herself in her chair, and gave him the one word of prompting which she herself had not forgotten.

It was sepulchrally whispered—"Cathcart!"

Henry looked at her, plucking up a little hope. "What you say, Cindy?" he asked.

"Cathcart!" she whispered again.

"What dat?" Henry persisted, cupping his ear with his hand. "I kin heah what you say, but I cain't recollec' what you mean."

It was a terrible moment, but Cindy was not daunted. She pushed her way forward and elbowed Henry to one side, determined to make the argument for David herself. But no one ever knew how she might have succeeded, for just at that moment old Cathcart reappeared at the church door, clasping in his arms a small, struggling man.

The commotion attracted every eye. The old fellow had caught his prisoner from behind; his great arms were locked around the smaller man's chest, and he was so much taller that his captive's legs swung free of the ground like a child's, and kicked furiously but ineffectually against the old man's shins. The crowd recognized him loudly as Little Cathcart.

"Take a holt of him, take a holt of him, so I kin let go," the old man called. His eyes were bright with excitement and the sudden return of mental and physical power. "Hyar's a thief I cotched in Miss Thom-

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asia's dining-room packing up her silver. I cotched him from behin' an' then I couldn't put him down agin er he'd run away, so I toted him down hyar. Take a holt of him, some of you."

It was then that the wits of old Henry Shack returned. "Wait a minute," he shouted, stamping vehemently to attract attention. "Don't none o' you tech dat nigger till we all gits a good look at him. Bring him up hyar, Uncle Cathcart—right up hyar by me."

Nobody but Cindy guessed what was in Henry's mind; but every one was willing to make the most of a spectacle. The old man was jostled forward until he stood beside Henry Shack. His excitement was passing and he had a bewildered look, yet he stood straight and firm, while Little Cathcart, finding that struggling was useless, drooped from his clasp with a limp body and a hang-dog face.

Henry pointed a knotty brown finger at the two. "Look at 'em, sistahs an' brothahs—look at 'em, jedges," he called. "Dere dey is, David an' Solomon befo' you' eyes. You all knows how ole Cathcart love dat boy, how he pompered an' petted an' spiled him, settin' his mind above work. But when he fin's him at Miss Thomasia's silver, aftah all de eddication he's give him, he jus' grabs him frum behin'. Dere dey is, hones' ole David an' his eddicated young son Solomon! I won't waste no mo' wu'ds. You-all kin see faw you'se'ves which is de bigges' man."

He stepped back and sat down. Instead of applause there was a hush, for this way of utilizing the interruption made it seem almost miraculous. The judges bent their heads together, but they had no need to consult; ocular demonstration had overborne all Saint's oratory, and their spokesman came forward at once.

"We decides in favah of Brothah Shack an' de Primitive Baptis's," he said solemnly. "De little man's feet hang on'y six inches below de big man's knees. David *has been proved* to be de bigges' man."

Then the cheering burst out. In the midst of it, old Cathcart set down his captive and walked round to look him in the face. He stared a moment and then tottered back to a seat. The exclamations when he came in, together with Henry's speech, had troubled him, but until he looked he had not been clearly aware that he had captured Little Cathcart.

THE UNEMPLOYED RICH.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A NEW YORK LADY OF FASHION.

By Mary Manners.

[This is not fiction, but the true record of a day in the life of a well-known type of society woman, whose large income enables her to gratify every whim.—Editor.]

THERE had been a great ball the night before, and the sunlight, which forced its narrow way between closed shutters and heavy curtains, sparkled upon a heap of favors which were tossed pell-mell upon the sofa. Here were tinsel hoops and gilded bells swinging from a tangle of rainbow ribbons; wreaths of artificial flowers; large, puffy tulle muffs of various colors; shepherdesses' crooks; flapping straw hats with trailing scarlet feathers; and gold and silver toys of every description.

Evidently Madame Butterfly has been a tremendous belle, and indeed the torn condition of her lace flounces testify to the number of times her little feet have danced through them. The dress hangs limply over the back of an armchair (where her maid has left and forgotten it), its pale rose draperies carefully disposed, its general appearance as fragile and weary as that of its only half-awakened owner.

The sharp click of the metal rings on the rods as Justine pulls back the curtains elicits an impatient sigh, and as the shutters swing apart and the light and fresh air from the open window rush in, the curly head absolutely buries itself in the pillow.

"It can't be time to get up, Justine?"

"Madame ordered her breakfast for

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eleven o'clock," returns the maid, taking the tray from an invisible footman at the door, and depositing it on a little table of grey enamel painted and carved wood, which stands near the bed.

Madame submits to having her pillows shaken and piled up behind her, bathes her sleepy eyes and slim fingers long and luxuriously in the crystal basin which Justine holds for her, motions for a hand-glass, smooths her hair, thrusts her arms into a pink silk dressing sacque, and then addresses herself to the consumption of her breakfast and the perusal of her morning letters.

In the midst of this, bosom friends are announced, and in a few minutes Justine admits two rustling, rosy-cheeked girls who seem to fill the room with an atmosphere of gaiety, gardenias and gossip. The ball had been delightful, hadn't it?—Madame Butterfly had found it slow. There had been plenty of men and plenty of favors!—But so little originality in either. Really, someone should invent some new men—with minds. The lights had been so becoming!—Madame thought they made some people look old. All the women had on their best frocks, but *hers* was far and away the prettiest there.

"Do you like it," says Madame Butterfly, languidly. "I'm so glad. I don't care about it at all. The things they send one out on an order are so apt to be unsatisfactory."

The dress leaves the room on the arm of Justine, and Madame sips her tea, and plaintively admonishes her visitors.

"Don't go to Z—— when you are in Paris this spring. I'm trying X—— here, for some little things," (X—— being the most extortionate of New York dressmakers) "and really she's not bad. Four hundred dollars for that white velvet tea-gown, and it does fit beautifully. I'm going to her today to try on an evening-dress. You might come, too, and see her models. Is it today?" (searching among the letters). "Yes, today. Oh! and, my dear, such a funny thing!—one does get such curious letters when one is supposed to be at all well off! Here's a woman writes to me that she knows my husband lets me spend what I please upon my clothes, and she wishes I'd be kind enough to allow *her* dressmaker's bill to be added to *mine*. I never even heard her name before. Did you ever know such effrontery? But that's nothing. I get letters from families out West telling me they want a trousseau for their eldest daughter, or a piano for their youngest, or that their aged grandmother will have to go to an Incurable Home if I don't send her enough money to keep her at large——I'm sure they are as comfortable as possible in those Homes, all sitting together, rocking and knitting in air-tight rooms. But, then, everybody holds a pistol to one's head in the name of charity. My mother used to give money to supply all the wooden legs and arms for a surgical ward in one of the big hospitals, and I assure you my life is made miserable because I won't promise to do likewise. But I think wooden legs are so uninteresting, don't you? And the poor people who wear that sort of thing are so ignorant," continues Madame Butterfly, pulling the soft skin off a hot-house peach and speaking as if ignorance and artificial limbs were interdependent. "I remember Mamma's telling me about a woman who lost an eye, and she wanted to be a kitchen maid, and the hospital people thought she would have a better chance if she had a glass eye put in,—you know, one *would* hesitate about engaging a one-eyed kitchen maid!—and so Mamma offered to give it to her, and she said she'd have a blue one—though her own had been brown—and, my dear, do you know, she lost all confidence in Mamma because she couldn't see out of it? That shows you how much good indiscriminate charity does," with a sigh. "Still, one mustn't be discouraged. What do you do?"

The fair-haired girl in blue cloth and chinchilla, and the brown-haired girl in green cloth and astrachan are both interested in a Boys' Club.

Madame Butterfly cannot be interested in Boys' Clubs for fear of bringing diseases home to her children, so she dismisses charity from her mind, and turns to the really serious duties of her day.

Justine, being rung for, removes what is left of the minced chicken, tea, toast, and fruit, and the rosy-cheeked visitors begin to take their leave.

"You *don't* think I'm rude to turn you out, do you?" says Madame Butterfly. "I must get up, for I have a thousand and one things to do. I don't suppose I shall have a minute to myself all day. Come back to luncheon, do, if you don't mind our being all alone, and we might go afterwards to see

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X——'s models. So sweet of you to stop."

They disappear and she sinks back for a moment among the pillows.

This life is very exhausting, thinks Maddame Butterfly. But any other would be impossible, and while she looks delicate and ethereal as thistledown her strength is as the strength of ten men—only she is so bored!

She looks about the four walls of her great room, all hung with pink brocade, as are the curtains and the canopy over her bed; at the marble mantlepiece, which has been torn, very likely from the boudoir of some bygone beauty to frame this spoiled little lady's flaming logs; at the furniture, all carved with cunning simplicity, and painted in grey enamel; the dressing-table loaded with ivory and gold; at the long looking-glass in which, from where she lies, she can see her curly head and pretty, petulant face reflected; and she wonders if she likes it as it is, or if she will pull it all to pieces and make a different room of it. It would be a nuisance, of course, but then if one were better satisfied——

Meanwhile Justine has been drawing her bath, laying down a towel to step on, hanging a warmed sheet over the back of a convenient chair, (a sheet wraps one round so comfortably when one comes out of one's bath) and is now selecting various be-frilled, and be-laced and be-ribboned under-garments, which she deposits near the fire. Madame Butterfly slips out of her dressing sacque into her dressing-gown and trips off in her little high-heeled slippers to the bath-room. The marble tub has been brought from an Italian palace, and its mistress is justly proud of it, but marble is long in heating, and, unless the warm water has been turned on for some time before the cold, one is apt to receive a disagreeable shock upon getting in. Justine having unfortunately forgotten this simple rule, Madame is, for a moment, tempted to regret the artless tin tub of her childhood. She suppresses her outraged feelings, however, and only reproaches Justine mildly, through the door, as her elaborate white garments are handed in to her.

While her hair is being done she sends for her children, a boy of six and a girl of four—(Madame Butterfly does not shirk her duties toward the State or her husband's immense fortune)—and makes merry with them over the heap of favors on the sofa. She is very proud of her children; they are handsome and healthy, and always beautifully dressed—a part of her completeness. She would adore them, she thinks, if she had nothing to do but take care of them; as it is she is exceedingly fond of them twice or three times a day, and rather apt to be nervous if she is left too long alone with them.

Her hair done, her dress on, her hat and veil carefully adjusted, there is the housekeeper to be interviewed before she can go out.

The housekeeper submits to her Monsieur Leon's menu for dinner that night—a dinner of what the newspapers of the next day will call "twenty covers"—and announces that one of the housemaids seems to be stricken with a vague disease.

Madame Butterfly has a kind heart, but really one cannot indulge one's heart at the expense of the working of one's household. She feels it to be extremely tiresome and inconvenient of the housemaid. Her mother would have had the woman taken care of on the spot, of course, and waited with old-fashioned patience till she was well enough to resume her duties; but the wheels of the machine run too fast now-a-days; those that can't keep up must fall behind. Quickness and superficial obsequiousness have taken the place of faithfulness in the demands of service, and for that one woman is apt to be as good as another. In ordering the doctor and the Board of Health, and leaving directions for a month's wages instead of a month's warning, Madame Butterfly feels that she has done all that could be expected of her.

She is fatigued already with so many demands on her attention and goes downstairs sighing as if she had the world on her shoulders.

It is a bitterly cold day, but she always drives in the open carriage, and with a sable cloak thrown over her beautiful cloth and velvet costume, and a sable rug tucked carefully about her feet, she can, fragile as she looks, defy almost any weather, and she loves the fresh air. So she drives first to the florists, to send a huge box of roses to some poor old cousins who would gladly have had half the money it cost, and then to the bookseller's where she supplies herself with all the books recommended to her by the last wise man who has been entranced by her charming face and earnest conversation. Madame Butterfly likes to keep up with the times, or at least to skim along beside them.

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Then to the milliner's to try on a gold-winged head dress for the evening, then to the shop of a well-known firm of interior decorators, where she becomes absorbed in plans for the refurnishing of her Newport house, then back to luncheon, convinced that no day-laborer ever worked harder than she.

Crossing the hall she stumbles upon her husband, whom she has not met before, that day. A tall man, with a prematurely bald head and kind, shrewd eyes.

"Are you lunching at home, Felix?" she says, surprised and not ill-pleased, for she likes the little she sees of him well enough.

Felix, it seems, has been out trying a new sort of automobile, which accounts for his appearance uptown at this hour.

"Well, I had an idea I was doing something, but I can't remember what," observes Madame Butterfly, hazily. "Never mind, I want to consult you seriously about a lot of things, and this will be an excellent opportunity. I get so tired of women and clothes all day long! 'Go to the best places and buy what you want,' I say, 'but don't talk about it'—when there are so many more interesting things in the world, too! I saw such lovely 'appliqués' for the Newport house today—only they asked two hundred and fifty dollars apiece for them, that would bring it up to two thousand for the drawing-room and dining-room alone. Four in each, you know. What do you think?"

"Why, if you are sure they suit you, take them."

"Yes, but you see I can't be so sure they suit me till I see them in the room. However, we'll talk about that later. It's difficult to choose when one can have anything, isn't it? I almost wish you had said you didn't want me to have them and that would have decided me."

"To take nothing else, I suppose."

Madame Butterfly laughs. "I don't often have the fun of being forbidden," she says, "now that I am grown up; so perhaps it would."

Poor little lady. There are a great many things she is debarred from the fun of—wanting things, contriving things, going without things until their final possession becomes a real joy. All she can do is to spend money, and she has not even learned to do that in the way that will give her and others any lasting pleasure. She has so many demands made upon her and so few resources within herself—but she doesn't know it; she thinks, and other people think, that she is one of the most fortunate women on earth.

The butler here interrupts her conversation with her husband by stepping forward to tell her, with the confidential deference which has gained him so many chief-butlerships, that Miss Moth and Miss Miller have been waiting for some time in the drawing-room.

"Good gracious!" cries Madame Butterfly. "I quite forgot them. I believe I asked them to come back to luncheon. What time is it? A quarter to two! I am disgracefully late. Is luncheon ready, Benson?"

Benson had understood that she was lunching out, but he can have everything ready in a few moments. He confounds himself in excuses.

But Madame Butterfly is not at all annoyed. She believes she did tell the housekeeper she meant to lunch out.

"It was this morning when she was bothering me about all sorts of tiresome things," she explains. "I rather thought I'd lunch with Mamma. It doesn't matter. I'll take them to the Waldorf and you can have your chop in peace, Felix." Then to the butler: "Just telephone for a cab, please, and send the carriage after me at three."

She glides into the drawing-room, amiable and vaguely apologetic, and in a few minutes they are on their way to that resplendent restaurant.

Madame Butterfly is too well known to be long kept waiting for a table, although the Palm Garden appears to be crowded. Waiters fly to serve her, for her tips are enormous. She gives her orders quickly and with precision: eggs au gratin, chicken livers en Brochette with bacon, filets mignons with peas and potatoes, a soufflé, coffee, three glasses of port. Then she begins to look about her.

In one corner sits Mrs. Mantrap. She has been divorced twice and has now taken unto herself a third husband, a smooth-faced, smooth-headed boy with no more expression than the head of a cane. Madame Butterfly opines that he will be nicely educated by the time she dies and leaves him to the enjoyment of her money and his freedom. In another corner sits Mrs. Poppenjay, who divorced her husband for nothing in particular and married him again, a year later, for the same reason. Madame Butterfly thinks it is a pity to have had two chances

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and wasted them on the same Poppenjay. A semi-celebrated English beauty with a handsome *sheep*-face and wooden figure, greets them from a table nearby, while her complacent husband comes over to remind them of his existence—a thing which is apt to be overlooked and forgotten now and again, so completely is he eclipsed by his brilliant better-half. A pretty little American actress bows and smiles. A gorgeous white cloth creation on the body of a famous dressmaker rises and sweeps slowly toward the door. Several men have congregated round Madame Butterfly. The band plays in a weary, subdued way, as if it had been up late the night before. The talk runs upon the doings and misdeeds of a long list of acquaintances, upon the theatres, and the opera, and whether it is not almost more trouble than it is worth to keep one's box filled now-a-days.

One of the rosy-cheeked girls laments that her parents have secured theirs for such an unfashionable night. The other observes that men seem to care even less for the opera than they used to—which is promptly denied by all the men present. Nobody seems to think the singing very first-rate this year, and nobody minds criticising it. Madame Butterfly admits frankly that she doesn't care much for the opera, but goes because it is a more or less pleasant way of seeing people.

"I never hurry off after dinner in the tiresome way the real music-lovers do, you know," she says, "and I always leave before the end to avoid that frantic crush for carriages. Felix never goes. He hates it."

It would sometimes seem as if the *means* to enjoy one's self took away the *power*. Perhaps the Butterflies would be all the happier for having less money and more love of harmony.

Through the long corridor, full of eyes and ears and tongues and comments and costumes, they trail after luncheon, pleasantly conscious of the interest they would deny they excited. Madame Butterfly's footman, waiting near the door, darts out to summon the carriage, and they drive away.

The air is as cold and pure as crystal after the heat of the Waldorf. Fifth Avenue is crowded. The omnibuses crawl up Murray Hill, assisted by an extra horse. The red cars clang across Thirty-fourth street, hansoms and cabs dash in front of them, the people on the sidewalk step along briskly, carriages are streaming up and down bearing ladies intent upon a long afternoon of visiting.

Madame Butterfly commiserates them. She sends the children's governess twice in the month, with a list and a pack of cards, to pay her formal visits—the visits where one doesn't ask to get in because one knows that the hour precludes all probability of being received. To her own particular friends, of course, she has the "open sesame" and goes when she languidly pleases.

"I think it's such a waste of time to pay visits," says Madame Butterfly, who finds anything she does not want to do a waste of time. "Here we are at X——'s. I hope she is ready for me. I detest being kept waiting. I always leave a dressmaker who does not keep her appointments. Don't you find it trying?"

The little lady herself is entirely oblivious of time or the sacredness of engagements.

Fortunately everything is prepared for her, and in a few minutes she is standing in her ruffled silk petticoat and soft batiste corset-cover before a long glass in one of the fitting-rooms, and Mrs. X—— herself is superintending the trying on of a heavy gold and pearl embroidered evening gown.

One wonders how many tired eyes have bent over that intricate pattern and how many weary fingers have stitched themselves stiff among those invisible seams. The dress is a "marvel" and a "dream" according to the onlookers, but Madame Butterfly is not quite satisfied. She wants more gold and more pearls—the waist appears to her a little plain.

Mrs. X—— cannot undertake to deliver it that evening if she has to put any more work on it. Nobody could expect it.

Madame Butterfly does expect to have it that evening and declines to wear it as it is; surely Mrs. X—— must strain a point to oblige her? Mrs. X—— succumbs and peace is restored.

A delicious hour slips away in the contemplation of different models. Wraps, opera cloaks, street dresses, ball dresses, are paraded before their devouring eyes. Miss Miller becomes the happy possessor of an opera cloak—a real bargain—reduced on account of the lateness of the season from three hundred dollars to two hundred and fifty. Miss Moth tears herself with difficulty from a simple little "blouse" for sixty-five. She does not need it, but Mrs. X——

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assures her that she will never get it for such a price again.

Madame Butterfly, who suddenly remembers that she promised to stop and take a lesson in Bridge Whist with three earnest and by this time probably irate friends, hurries them away. If they are going uptown she will drop them; if not, good bye.

She returns home at five, fatigued but flushed with victory. She has remembered everything she learned the last time, and the others have been very stupid. She reviews the game complacently as she changes her shoes and stockings and Justine gets her into the white velvet tea-gown, and she goes downstairs in a very good humor to see whoever among her masculine acquaintances may happen to stop in for tea that afternoon. If nobody comes, she will go up and play with the children after their supper (sometimes she finds Felix there, and it makes her feel as if she were a pattern of all the domestic virtues). She may even have time to rest and read a little before dinner.

It is a great comfort to have a man like Benson, to whom one can leave everything —the ornaments to be used on the table, the flowers and how they shall be arranged, the wines and how they shall be served. He always tells her, in his confidentially deferential manner, what he proposes to do, and she always goes in after the table is set and signifies her approval, but it is a mere matter of form on both sides. She sometimes thinks if she gave him the names of the guests and told him to settle where they should sit that he would do it a great deal better than she can.

At eight o'clock she is dressed for dinner, the gold wings springing out from her yellow curls, the gold and pearl embroideries of her dress rustling and jingling about her feet. The waist, what there is of it, has been elaborated to please her; hardly an inch of the original net shows. Her own magnificents pearls are round her neck. Felix makes her very pretty compliments as they stand together in the big drawing-room awaiting their guests.

It is unusual punctuality on Madame Butterfly's part to be downstairs on the stroke of eight. It has sometimes happened that she has entered, apologetically, pulling on her gloves, after several of her guests have arrived, but tonight she is expecting a very distinguished foreigner and has no desire to be found wanting in etiquette.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hornet," announces Benson, and the room soon begins to fill. The English Beauty is there without her husband, and half a dozen of the prettiest women in New York with theirs; a great heiress, and a celebrated tenor, and last and best, the distinguished foreigner. He takes his hostess in, and as they leave the drawing-room with its painted panels and ceiling representing summer scenes full of cupids and nymphs sporting in nothing but ribands and veils, Madame Butterfly hopes that the dining-room, which has thick tapestries on its walls, will be a little warmer. But it is not; and all through dinner, whether she is making conversation for the illustrious stranger whom she has never seen before, and may never see again, or answering the inanities of the oldest living diner-out (whom good manners has suggested her putting on her other side and whose stories she knows by heart), she is conscious that the guests on that side of the table farthest from the fire feel a decided chill.

Benson has outdone himself in his arrangements of roses, graduating from pink to crimson—great drooping bunches of them in the vases, and wreaths winding below the candelabra and the high fruit dishes down the long table. The dinner is perfect, from the different kinds of soup to the ices in the form of more pink roses.

When it is over the women cluster about the fire in the drawing-room with little whispers and murmurs and bursts of laughter. There is usually a scattering among them when the men come in—a movement that leaves convenient chairs vacant near each one of them, but tonight no one will move far from the great mantlepiece, and the conversation is general. Indeed they most of them meet so often and meet other people so seldom, that it is a wonder they have anything left to say. Even the tenor has ceased to be a novelty.

Presently a world-renowned pianist plays for them, and they go home.

"It was a dull dinner," says Madame Butterfly to her husband, peeping out of the window as the last carriage rolls away, "and I've had a hard day and I'm going to bed. And oh! Felix, do come here. There's such a comfortable-looking old beggar-woman going home with her organ under her arm, and a nice, thick shawl on. I wish I had a shawl exactly like it. I never was so cold in all my life."

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The VACANT LOT

By MARY E. WILKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL.

WHEN it became generally known in Townsend Centre that the Townsends were going to move to the city, there was great excitement and dismay. For the Townsends to move was about equivalent to the town's moving. The Townsend ancestors had founded the village a hundred years ago. The first Townsend had kept a wayside hostelry for man and beast, known as the "Sign of the Leopard." The sign-board, on which the leopard was painted a bright blue, was still extant, and prominently so, being nailed over the present Townsend's front door. This Townsend, by name David, kept the village store. There had been no tavern since the railroad was built through Townsend Centre in his father's day. Therefore the family, being ousted by the march of progress from their chosen employment, took up with a general country store, as being the next thing to a country tavern, the principal difference consisting in the fact that all the guests were transients, never requiring bedchambers, securing their rest on the tops of sugar and flour barrels and cod-fish boxes, and their refreshment from stray nibblings at the stock in trade, to the profitless deplenishment of raisins and loaf sugar and crackers and cheese.

The flitting of the Townsends from the home of their ancestors was due to a sudden access of wealth from the death of a relative and the desire of Mrs. Townsend to secure better advantages for her son George, sixteen years old, in the way of education, and for her daughter Adrianna, ten years older, better matrimonial opportunities. However, this last inducement for leaving Townsend Centre was not openly stated, only ingeniously surmised by the neighbors.

"Sarah Townsend don't think there's anybody in Townsend Centre fit for her Adrianna to marry, and so she's goin' to take her to Boston to see if she can't pick up somebody there," they said. Then they wondered what Abel Lyons would do. He had been a humble suitor for Adrianna for years, but her mother had not approved, and Adrianna, who was dutiful, had repulsed him delicately and rather sadly. He was the only lover whom she had ever had, and she felt sorry and grateful; she was a plain awkward girl, and had a patient recognition of the fact.

But her mother was ambitious, more so than her father, who was rather pugnaciously satisfied with what he had, and not easily disposed to change. However, he yielded to his wife and consented to sell out his business and purchase a house in Boston and move there.

David Townsend was curiously unlike the line of ancestors from which he had come. He had either retrograded or advanced, as one might look at it. His moral character

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was certainly better, but he had not the fiery spirit, and eager grasp at advantage which had distinguished them. Indeed the old Townsends, though prominent and respected as men of property and influence, had reputations not above suspicions. There was more than one dark whisper regarding them handed down from mother to son in the village, and especially was this true of the first Townsend, he who built the tavern bearing the Sign of the Blue Leopard. His portrait, a hideous effort of contemporary art, hung in the garret of David Townsend's home. There was many a tale of wild roistering, if no worse, in that old road-house, and high stakes, and quarrelling in cups, and blows, and money gotten in evil fashion, and the matter hushed up with a high hand for inquirers by the imperious Townsends who terrorized everybody. David Townsend terrorized nobody. He had gotten his little competence from his store by honest methods, the exchanging of sterling goods and true weights for country produce and country shillings. He was sober and reliable, with intense self-respect and a decided talent for the management of money. It was principally for this reason that he took great delight in his sudden wealth by legacy. He had thereby greater opportunities for the exercise of his native shrewdness in a bargain. This he evinced in his purchase of a house in Boston.

One day in Spring the old Townsend house was shut up, the Blue Leopard was taken carefully down from his lair over the front door, the family chattels were loaded on the train, and the Townsends departed. It was a sad and eventful day for Townsend Centre. A man from Barre had rented the store — David had decided at the last not to sell — and the old familiars congregated in melancholy fashion and talked over the situation. An enormous pride over their departed townsman became evident. They paraded him; flaunting him like a banner in the eyes of the new man. "David is awful smart," they said, "there won't nobody get the better of him in the city if he has lived in Townsend Centre all his life. He's got his eyes open. Know what he paid for his house in Boston? Well, Sir, that house cost twenty-five thousand dollars, and David he bought it for five. Yes, Sir, he did."

"Must have been some out about it," remarked the new man, scowling over his counter. He was beginning to feel his disparaging situation.

"Not an out, Sir. David, he made sure on't. Catch him gettin' bit. Everything was in apple-pie order; hot an' cold water and all, and in one of the best locations of the city, real high-up street. David, he said the rent in that street was never under a thousand. Yes, Sir, David he got a bargain—five thousand dollars for a twenty-five thousand dollar house."

"Some out about it," growled the new man over the counter.

However, as his fellow townsmen and allies stated, there seemed to be no doubt about the desirableness of the city house which David Townsend had purchased, and the fact that he had secured it for an absurdly low price. The whole family were at first suspicious. It was ascertained that the house had cost a round sum only a few years ago; it was in perfect repair, nothing whatever was amiss with plumbing, furnace, anything. There was not even a soap factory within smelling distance, as Mrs. Townsend had vaguely surmised. She was sure that she had heard of houses being undesirable for such reasons, but there was no soap factory. They all sniffed and peeked, when the first rainfall came they looked at the ceiling, confidently expecting to see dark spots where the leaks had commenced, but there were none. They were forced to confess that their suspicions were allayed, that the house was perfect, even overshadowed with the mystery of a lower price than it was worth. That, however, was an additional perfection in the opinion of the Townsends, who had their share of New England thrift. They had lived just one month in their new house, and were happy, although at times somewhat lonely from missing the society of Townsend Centre, when the trouble began. The Townsends, although they lived in a fine house in a genteel, almost fashionable, part of the city, were true to their antecedents and kept, as they had been accustomed, only one maid. She was the daughter of a farmer on the outskirts of their native village, was middle aged, and had lived with them for the last ten years. One pleasant Monday morning she rose early and did the family washing before breakfast, which Mrs. Townsend and Adrianna prepared, as was their habit on washing days. The family were seated at the breakfast table in their basement dining-

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room, and this maid, whose name was Cordelia, was hanging out the clothes in the vacant lot. This vacant lot seemed a valuable one, being on a corner. It was rather singular that it had not been built upon. The Townsends had wondered at it and agreed that they would have preferred their own house to be there. They had, however, utilized it as far as possible with their innocent, rural disregard of property rights in unutilized land.

"We might just as well hang out our washing in that vacant lot," Mrs. Townsend had told Cordelia the first Monday of their stay in the house. "Our little yard ain't half big enough for all our clothes, and it is sunnier there, too."

So Cordelia had hung out the wash there for four Mondays and this was the fifth. The breakfast was about half finished; they had reached the buckwheat cakes when this maid came rushing into the dining-room and stood regarding them speechless with a countenance indicative of the utmost horror. She was deadly pale. Her hands, sodden with soapsuds, hung twitching at her sides in the folds of her calico gown, her very hair, which was light and sparse, seemed to bristle with fear. All the Townsends turned and looked at her. David and George rose with a half-defined idea of burglars. "Cordelia Battles, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Townsend. Adrianna gasped for breath, and turned as white as the maid. "What is the matter?" repeated Mrs. Townsend, but the maid was unable to speak. Mrs. Townsend, who could be peremptory, sprang up, ran to the frightened woman and shook her violently. "Cordelia Battles, you speak," said she, " and not stand there staring that way, as if you were struck dumb! What is the matter with you?"

Then the maid spoke in a fainting voice.

"There's—somebody else—hanging out clothes—in the vacant lot," she gasped and clutched at a chair for support.

"Who?" cried Mrs. Townsend, rousing to indignation, for already she had assumed a proprietorship in the vacant lot. "Is it the folks in the next house? I'd like to know what right they have! We are next to that vacant lot."

"I—dunno—who it is," gasped the maid.

"Why, we've seen that girl next door go to mass every morning," said Mrs. Townsend. "She's got a fiery red head, seems as if you might know her by this time, Cordelia."

"It ain't that girl," gasped Cordelia. Then she added in a horror-stricken voice, "I couldn't see who 'twas."

They all stared.

"Why couldn't you see?" demanded her mistress. "Are you struck blind?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then why couldn't you see?"

"All I could see was——" Cordelia hesitated, with an expression of the utmost horror.

"Go on," said Mrs. Townsend, impatiently.

"All I could see was the shadow of somebody, very slim, hangin' out the clothes, and——"

"What?"

"I could see the shadows of the things flappin' on their line."

"You couldn't see the clothes?"

"Only the shadow on the ground."

"What kind of clothes were they?"

"Queer," replied Cordelia with a shudder.

"If I didn't know you so well, I should think you had been drinking," said Mrs. Towsend. "Now, Cordelia Battles, I'm going out in that vacant lot, and see myself what you're talking about."

"I can't go," gasped the woman.

"Well, stay here then, I'm going."

With that Mrs. Townsend and all the others, except Adrianna, who remained to tremble with the maid, sallied forth into the vacant lot. They had to go out the area gate into the street to reach it. It was nothing unusual in the way of vacant lots. One large poplar tree, the relic of the old forest which had once flourished there, twinkled in one corner; for the rest, it was overgrown with coarse weeds and a few dusty flowers. The Townsends stood just inside the rude board fence which divided the lot from the street and stared with wonder and horror, for the maid had told the truth. They all saw what she had described,—the shadow of an exceedingly slim woman moving along the ground with up-stretched arms, the shadows of strange, nondescript garments flapping from a shadowy line, but when they looked up for the substance of the shadows nothing was to be seen except the clear, blue October air.

"My goodness!" gasped Mrs. Townsend. Her face assumed a strange gathering of wrath in the midst of her terror. Suddenly she made a determined move forward although her husband strove to hold her back. "You let me be," said she. She

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moved forward. Then she recoiled and gave a loud shriek. "The wet sheet flapped in my face," she cried. "Take me away, take me away!" Then she fainted. Between them they got her back to the house. "It was awful," she moaned when she came to herself, with the family all around her where she lay on the dining-room floor. "Oh, David, what do you suppose it is?"

"Nothing at all," replied David Townsend stoutly. He was remarkable for courage and staunch belief in actualities. He was now denying to himself that he had seen anything unusual.

"Oh, there was," moaned his wife.

"I saw something," said George, in a sullen boyish bass.

The maid sobbed convulsively and so did Adrianna for sympathy.

"We won't talk any about it," said David. "Here, Jane, you drink this hot tea, it will do you good; and Cordelia, you hang out the clothes in our own yard. George, you go and put up the line for her."

"The line is out there," said George, with a jerk of his shoulder.

"Are you afraid?"

"No, I ain't," replied the boy resentfully, and went out with a pale face.

After that Cordelia hung the Townsend wash in the yard of their own house, standing always with her back to the vacant lot. As for David Townsend he spent a good deal of his time in the lot watching the shadows, but he came to no explanation although he strove to satisfy himself with many. "I guess the shadows come from the smoke from our chimneys, or else the poplar tree," he said.

"Why do the shadows come on Monday mornings, and no other?" demanded his wife. David was silent.

Very soon new mysteries arose. One day Cordelia rang the dinner bell at their usual dinner hour, the same as in Townsend Centre, high noon, and the family assembled. Adrianna looked with amazement at the dishes on the table.

"Why, that's queer," she said.

"What's queer?" asked her mother. Cordelia stopped short as she was about setting a tumbler of water beside a plate, and the water slopped over.

"Why," said Adrianna, her face paling, "I—thought there was boiled dinner. I—smelt cabbage cooking."

"I knew there would something else come up," gasped the maid, leaning hard on the back of Adrianna's chair.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Townsend sharply, but her own face began to assume the shocked pallor which it was so easy nowadays for all their faces to assume at the merest suggestion of anything out of the common.

"I smelt cabbage cooking all the morning up in my room," Adrianna said faintly, "and here's codfish and potatoes for dinner."

The Townsends all looked at one another. David rose with an exclamation and rushed out of the room. The others waited trembling. When he came back, his face was lowering.

"What did you——?" Mrs. Townsend asked, hesitatingly.

"There's some smell of cabbage out there," he admitted reluctantly. Then he looked at her with a challenge. "It comes from the next house," he said. "Blows over our house."

"Our house is higher."

"I don't care; you can never account for such things."

"Cordelia," said Mrs. Townsend, "you go over to the next house and you ask if they've got cabbage for dinner."

Cordelia switched out of the room, her mouth set hard. She came back promptly.

"Say they never have cabbage," she announced with gloomy triumph and a conclusive glance at Mr. Townsend. "Their girl was real sassy."

"Oh, father, let's move away, let's sell the house," cried Adrianna in a panic-stricken tone.

"If you think I'm going to sell a house that I got as cheap as this one because we smell cabbage in a vacant lot, you're mistaken," replied David firmly.

"It isn't the cabbage alone," said Mrs. Townsend.

"And a few shadows," added David. "I am tired of such nonsense. I thought you had more sense, Jane."

"One of the boys at school asked me if we lived in the house next to the vacant lot on Wells Street and whistled when I said 'yes'," remarked George.

"Let him whistle," said Mr. Townsend.

After a few hours the family, stimulated by Mr. Townsend's calm, common sense, agreed that it was exceedingly foolish to be disturbed by a mysterious odor of cabbage. They even laughed at themselves.

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"I suppose we have got so nervous over those shadows hanging out clothes that we notice every little thing," conceded Mrs. Townsend.

"You will find out some day that is no more to be regarded than the cabbage," said her husband.

"You can't account for that wet sheet hitting my face," said Mrs. Towsnend, doubtfully.

"You imagined it."

"I *felt* it."

That afternoon things went on as usual in the household until nearly four o'clock. Adrianna went down town to do some shopping. Mrs. Townsend sat sewing beside the bay-window in her room, which was a front one in the third story. George had not got home. Mr. Townsend was writing a letter in the library. Cordelia was busy in the basement, the twilight which was coming earlier and earlier every night was beginning to gather, when suddenly there was a loud crash which shook the house from its foundations. Even the dishes on the sideboard rattled, and the glasses rang like bells. The pictures on the walls of Mrs. Townsend's room swung out from the walls. But that was not all: every looking-glass in the house cracked simultaneously—as nearly as they could judge—from top to bottom, then shivered into fragments over the floors. Mrs. Townsend was too frightened to scream; she sat huddled in her chair gasping for breath, her eyes rolling from side to side in incredulous terror, turned toward the street, and she saw a great black group of people crossing it just in front of the vacant lot. There was something inexpressibly strange and gloomy about this moving group; there was an effect of sweeping, wavings and foldings of sable draperies and gleams of deadly white faces, then they passed; she twisted her head to see, and they disappeared in the vacant lot. Mr. Townsend came hurrying into the room, he was pale, he looked at once angry and alarmed.

"Did you fall?" he asked inconsequently, as if his wife, who was small, could have produced such a manifestation by a fall.

"Oh, David, what is it?" whispered Mrs. Townsend.

"Darned if I know!" said David.

"Don't swear. It's too awful. Oh, David, see the looking-glass!"

"I see it. The one over the library mantel is broken, too."

"Oh, it is a sign of death!"

Cordelia's feet were heard as she staggered on the stairs. She almost fell into the room. She reeled over to Mr. Townsend and clutched his arm. He cast a sidewise glance, half furious, half commiserating, at her.

"Well, what is it all about?" he asked.

"I don't know. What is it? Oh, what is it? The looking-glass in the kitchen is broken. All over the floor. Oh, oh! What is it?"

"I don't know any more than you do, I didn't do it."

"Lookin' glasses broken is a sign of death in the house," said Cordelia. "If it's me, I hope I'm ready, but I'd rather die than be so scared as I've been lately."

Mr. Townsend shook himself loose and eyed the two trembling women with gathering resolution.

"Now, look here, both of you," he said. "This is nonsense. You'll die sure enough of fright if you keep on this way. I was a fool myself to be startled. Everything it is, is an earthquake."

"Oh, David!" gasped his wife, not much reassured.

"It is nothing but an earthquake," persisted Mr. Townsend. "It acted just like that. Things always are broken on the walls, and the middle of the room isn't affected. I've read about it."

Suddenly Mrs. Townsend gave a loud shriek and pointed.

"How do you account for that," she cried, "if it's an earthquake? Oh, oh, oh!"

She was on the verge of hysterics. Her husband held her firmly by the arm as his eyes followed the direction of her rigid pointing finger. Cordelia looked also, her eyes seeming converged to a bright point of fear. On the floor in front of the broken looking-glass lay a mass of black stuff in a grewsome long ridge.

"It's something you dropped there," almost shouted Mr. Townsend.

"It ain't. Oh!"

Mr. Townsend dropped his wife's arm and took one stride toward the object. It was a very long crepe veil. He lifted it, and it floated out from his arm as if imbued with electricity.

"It's your's," he said to his wife.

"Oh, David, I never had one. You know, oh, you know. I—shouldn't—unless you died. How came it there?"

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"I'm darned if I know," said David, regarding it. He was deadly pale, but still resentful rather than afraid.

"Don't hold it, don't!"

"I'd like to know what in thunder all this means?" said David. He gave the thing an angry toss and it fell on the floor in exactly the same long heap as before. Cordelia began to weep with racking sobs. Mrs. Townsend reached out and caught her husband's hand, clutching it hard with ice-cold fingers.

"What's got into this house, anyhow?" he growled.

"You'll have to sell it. Oh, David, we can't live here."

"As for my selling a house I paid only five thousand for when it's worth twenty-five for any such nonsense as this, I won't!"

David gave one stride toward the black veil, but it rose from the floor and moved away before him across the room at exactly the same height as if suspended from a woman's head. He pursued it, clutching vainly, all around the room, then he swung himself on his heel with an exclamation and the thing fell to the floor again in the long heap. Then were heard hurrying feet on the stairs and Adrianna burst into the room. She ran straight to her father and clutched his arm; she tried to speak but she chattered unintelligibly; her face was blue. Her father shook her violently.

"Adrianna, do have more sense!" he cried.

"Oh, David, how can you talk so?" sobbed her mother.

"I can't help it. I'm mad," said he with emphasis. "What has got into this house and you all, anyhow?"

"What is it, Adrianna, poor child," asked her mother. "Only look what has happened here."

"It's an earthquake," said her father staunchly, "nothing to be afraid of."

"How do you account for *that*?" said Mrs. Townsend in an awful voice, pointing to the veil.

Adrianna did not look, she was too engrossed with her own terrors. She began to speak in a breathless voice.

"I—was—coming—by the vacant lot," she panted, "and—I—I—had my new hat in a paper bag and—a parcel of blue ribbon, and—I saw a crowd, an awful——Oh! a whole crowd of people with white faces, as if—they were dressed all in black, and I felt a touch cold as ice on my hand, cold fingers, I felt them through my glove, and they snatched my hat-box, and then—I felt them again, and my ribbon was gone!"

"Where are they now?"

"I don't know. Oh!" Adrianna sank gasping feebly into a chair.

"Get her some water, David," sobbed her mother.

David rushed with an impatient exclamation out of the room and returned with a glass of water which he held to his daughter's lips.

"Here, drink this!" he said roughly.

"Oh, David, how can you speak so?" sobbed his wife.

"I can't help it. I'm mad clean through," said David.

Then there was a hard bound up stairs, and George entered. He was very white, but he grinned at them with an appearance of unconcern.

"Hullo!" he said in a shaking voice, which he tried to control. "What on earth's to pay in that vacant lot now?"

"Well, what is it?" demanded his father.

"Oh, nothing, only—well there are lights over it exactly as if there was a house there, just about where the windows would be. It looked as if you could walk right in, but when you look close there are those old dried-up weeds rattling away on the ground the same as ever. I looked at it and couldn't believe my eyes. A woman saw it, too. She came along just as I did. She gave one look, then she screeched and ran. I waited for someone else, but nobody came."

Mr. Townsend rushed out of the room.

"I dare say it'll be gone when he gets there," began George, then he stared round the room. "What's to pay here?" he cried.

"Oh, George, the whole house shook all at once, and all the looking-glasses broke," wailed his mother, and Adrianna and Cordelia joined.

George whistled with pale lips. Then Mr. Townsend entered.

"Well," asked George, "see anything?"

"I don't want to talk," said his father. "I've stood just about enough."

"We've got to sell out and go back to Townsend Centre," cried his wife in a wild voice. "Oh, David, say you'll go back."

"I won't go back for any such nonsense as this, and sell a twenty-five thousand dollar house for five thousand," said he firmly.

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But that very night his resolution was shaken. The whole family watched together in the dining-room. They were all afraid to go to bed, that is, all except possibly Mr. Townsend. Mrs. Townsend declared firmly that she for one would leave that awful house and go back to Townsend Centre whether he came or not, unless they all stayed together and watched, and Mr. Townsend yielded. They chose the dining-room for the reason that it was nearer the street should they wish to make their egress hurriedly, and they took up their station around the dining-table on which Cordelia had placed a luncheon.

"It looks exactly as if we were watching with a corpse," she said in a horror-stricken whisper.

"Hold your tongue if you can't talk sense," said Mr. Townsend.

The dining-room was very large, finished in oak, with a dark-blue paper above the wainscotting. The old sign of the tavern, the Blue Leopard, hung over the mantel shelf. Mr. Townsend had insisted on hanging it there. He had a curious pride in it. The family sat together until after midnight and nothing unusual happened. Mrs. Townsend began to nod; Mr. Townsend read the paper ostentatiously. Adrianna and Cordelia stared with roving eyes about the room, then at each other as if comparing notes on terror. George had a book which he studied furtively. All at once Adrianna gave a startled exclamation and Cordelia echoed her. George whistled faintly. Mrs. Townsend awoke with a start and Mr. Townsend's paper rattled to the floor.

"Look!" gasped Adrianna

The sign of the Blue Leopard over the shelf glowed as if a lantern hung over it. The radiance was thrown from above. It grew brighter and brighter as they watched. The Blue Leopard seemed to crouch and spring with life. Then the door into the front hall opened—the outer door, which had been carefully locked. It squeaked and they all recognized it. They sat staring, Mr. Townsend was as transfixed as the rest. They heard the outer door shut, then the door into the room swung open and slowly that awful black group of people which they had seen in the afternoon entered. The Townsends with one accord rose and huddled together in a far corner; they all held to each other and stared. The people, their faces gleaming with a whiteness of death, their black robes waving and folding, crossed the room. They were a trifle above mortal height, or seemed so to the terrified eyes which saw them. They reached the mantel shelf where the sign-board hung. Then they seemed to pause in consultation, then a black-draped long arm was seen to rise and make a motion, as if plying a knocker. Then the whole company passed out of sight, as if through the wall, and the room was as before. Mrs. Townsend was shaking in a nervous chill, Adrianna was almost fainting, Cordelia in hysterics. David Townsend stood glaring in a curious way at the sign of the Blue Leopard. George stared at him with a look of horror. There was something in his father's face which made him forget everything else. At last he touched his arm timidly.

"Father," he whispered.

David turned and regarded him with a look of rage and fury, then his face cleared, he passed his hand over his forehead.

"Good Lord! What *did* come to me?" he muttered.

"You looked like that awful picture of old Tom Townsend in the garret in Townsend Centre, father," whimpered the boy, shuddering.

"Should think I might look like most any old cuss after such darned work as this," growled David, but his face was white. "Go and pour out some hot tea for your mother," he ordered the boy sharply. He himself shook Cordelia violently. "Stop such actions," he shouted in her ears, and shook her again. "Ain't you a church member?" he demanded, "what be you afraid of? You ain't done nothin' wrong, have ye?"

Then Cordelia quoted Scripture in a burst of sobs and laughter.

"Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me," she cried out. "If I ain't done wrong, mebbe them that's come before me did, and when the Evil One and the Powers of Darkness is abroad I'm liable, I'm liable!" Then she laughed loud and long and shrill.

"If you don't hush up," said David, but still with that white terror and horror on his own face, "I'll bundle you out in that vacant lot whether or no; I mean it."

Then Cordelia was quiet, after one wild roll of her eyes at him. The color was returning to Adrianna's cheeks; her mother was drinking hot tea in spasmodic gulps.

"It's after midnight," she gasped, "and I

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"A BLACK-DRAPED LONG ARM WAS SEEN TO RISE AND MAKE A MOTION."

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don't believe they'll come again tonight. Oh, do you, David?"

"No, I don't," said David, conclusively.

"Oh, David, we mustn't stay another night in this awful house."

"We won't. Tomorrow we'll pack off bag and baggage to Townsend Centre, if it takes all the fire department to move us," said David.

Adrianna smiled in the midst of her terror. She thought of Abel Lyons.

The next day Mr. Townsend went to the real estate agent who had sold him the house.

"It's no use," he said, "I can't stand it. Sell the house for what you can get. I'll give it away rather than keep it."

Then he added a few strong words as to his opinion of parties who sold him such an establishment. But the agent pleaded innocent for the most part.

"I'll own I suspected something wrong when the owner, who pledged me to secrecy as to his name, told me to sell that place for what I could get, and did not limit me. I had never heard anything, but I began to suspect something was wrong. Then I made a few inquiries and found out that there was a rumor in the neighborhood that there was something out of the usual about that vacant lot. I had wondered myself why it wasn't built upon. There was a story about it's being undertaken once, and the contract made, and the contractor dying, then another man took it and one of the workmen was killed on his way to dig the cellar, and the others struck. I didn't pay much attention to it, I never believed much in that sort of thing anyhow, and then, too, I couldn't find out that there had ever been anything wrong about the house itself except as the people who had lived there were said to have seen and heard queer things in the vacant lot, so I thought you might be able to get along, especially as you didn't look like a man who was timid, and the house was such a bargain as I never handled before. But this you tell me is beyond belief."

"Do you know the names of the people who formerly owned the vacant lot?" asked Mr. Townsend.

"I don't know certainly," replied the agent, for the original owners flourished long before your or my day, but I do know that the lot goes by the name of the old Gaston lot. What's the matter, are you ill?"

"No; it is nothing," replied Mr. Townsend, "get what you can for the house, perhaps another family might not be as troubled as we have been."

"I hope you are not going to leave the city," said the agent, urbanely.

"I am going back to Townsend Centre as fast as steam can carry me, after we get packed up, and out of that cursed house," replied Mr. David Townsend.

He did not tell the agent nor any of his family what had caused him to start when told the name of the former owners of the lot. He remembered all at once the story of a ghastly murder which had taken place in the Blue Leopard. The victim's name was Gaston and the murderer had never been discovered.

SOME GOLF TERMS.

Defined and designed by A. B. Frost.

"Down in two."

"We lie alike."

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WORK WITH THE HANDS.

The Moral Value of Manual Training and Labor—A New Educational Epoch —An Autobiographical Example.

By Booker T. Washington.

Principal Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama.
Author of "Up from Slavery," "Character Building" and "Future of the American Negro."

MY attention was first attracted in an emphatic manner to the value and elevating power of hand-work when I was a student at the Hampton Normal and Industrial Institute, at Hampton, Virginia, then under the direction of the late General S. C. Armstrong. But back of my Hampton training I recall with interest and profit an earlier experience which came to me when I was only a child, and soon after I was made a free child by the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. Soon after I had an opportunity for the first time to attend a free public school, at my home in the State of West Virginia, I heard the teacher say that the chief object of education was to enable one to speak and write the English language correctly.

While at that time I could not formulate my ideas well enough to express disagreement with my teacher, I must confess that, although I was a mere child, this definition grated rather harshly upon my ears, and did not seem satisfactory to my reason. I felt that education ought to do more for a boy than merely enable him to write and speak correctly. At the very moment when I had heard this definition my mother was living in the most abject poverty and want; and one of my objects in going to school was to enable me to get to a point where I could make life a little more bearable—and, if possible, even attractive—for her. My mother was then working night and day to afford me an opportunity to spend two or three months of the year in school. I wondered if my ability merely to speak and write correctly was going to fit me to help very much in relieving the condition of our family.

I had already observed that there were several boys who lived in our neighborhood who had had superior advantages for going to school, and who in some instances had arrived at a point where they were called "educated"—that is, they could write and talk correctly. But still the parents of these boys were not far removed from the condition which I was living in.

Young as I was, too, in some indescribable way I had come to have the feeling that to be a free boy meant, in a large degree, that one had reached a position in life where work with the hands would not be necessary. As a child in Virginia, going from one plantation to another as opportunity offered, I had naturally noted that young white boys whose fathers held slaves did not, as a general thing, work with their hands. I had further observed that the feeling was pretty general that a free boy and an educated boy should not work with his hands. The Negro boy immediately after the Civil War was confronted by—or at least it seemed so to him—two propositions which in many cases were liable to exert a serious influence upon his life. One of these was that freedom from slavery brought freedom from hard work; the other was that education of the head would bring further freedom from hand-work. The Negro, I ought to add, was not directly responsible for either of these ideas, but the fact remains that in a large degree they prevailed.

Soon after I began to think as seriously as perhaps a boy could think about some of these things, a rather important event came to pass in my life. There lived not far from my mother's cabin a wealthy woman who had been born and educated in Vermont, although she had then lived for many years in the South. This woman not only had the greatest respect for all forms of hand labor, but also, notwithstanding her wealth and education, was not ashamed to use her own hands. Among the people of the neighborhood she bore the reputation of being one

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whom it was exceedingly hard to satisfy in the performance of any kind of manual labor. Her reputation among the boys of the village was that she was a hard person to get along with. There were, I think, at least a half-dozen boys who had gone at one time or another to live with her, but in almost every case a boy's stay with her had been exceedingly short. I think a week constituted the average time. This was true in spite of the fact that this household had one redeeming quality which was widely advertised among the boys of the neighborhood. That was that it was a place where one would always get something good to eat. In addition to pies and cakes, something that at that time the boys in a community like ours seldom got sight of in their own cabin homes, the orchards about the house were heavily laden with fruit of the best varieties. Each boy, however, who went into the service of this woman, soon returned to the village with the same story—she was too strict, too hard to please.

After a considerable number of the other boys in the village had endeavored to satisfy this mistress, my turn came. When I came home one night I was informed by my mother that she had sent to ask me to come and live with her. She said that I should be paid six dollars a month for my work. After talking the matter over seriously with my mother I decided to make an effort to serve this woman, and a few days afterward, with my clothes in the best condition I could get them, and with fear and trembling in my heart, I reported for duty.

I had heard so much about her wealth and about her fine house and costly surroundings, and above all about her strictness, that I feared to meet her, with a fear that it is now hard for me to describe. My life had been passed in a cabin. Now I was to labor in what seemed to me a great mansion.

As the time of meeting her drew near, I summoned all my courage and determined to pass through the ordeal as best I could. She talked to me in a kindly way and very frank manner. She rehearsed the difficulties that she had encountered with the other boys, and explained to me what their points of weakness had been. She told me in plain language that I would be expected to keep my body clean and my clothes neat, and that above all else she would require cleanliness in connection with all my work. She said that she wanted to have everything done systematically, and she made me realize that she would expect me to tell the exact truth at all times, regardless of consequences. I remember, too, that she placed especial emphasis upon the necessity for promptness, and said that excuses and explanations would not be taken by her in the place of results. This, at the time, seemed to me a pretty hard programme to look forward to, and I was becoming almost discouraged when, toward the end of the interview, she told me that if I remained with her and pleased her she would permit me to attend school at night during the winter. This latter suggestion so gratified my ambition that it went a long way toward helping me to decide to make the effort of my life to remain with her and to please her.

My first work at this place, as I now remember it, was to cut the grass in the yard and give the yard itself a thorough cleaning. In those days there were no lawn-mowers. I had to get down on my knees and cut much of the grass with a little hand scythe. I soon found that my employer not only wanted the grass cut, but wanted it cut smoothly and evenly. Any one who has tried to mow a lawn neatly with a little dull hand scythe can appreciate the task which I had before me. I am not ashamed to say that I did not succeed in giving satisfaction the first, or even the second or third time; but I finally did succeed in making the turf in that yard look as even as it could now be made to look with the most improved lawn-mower. When I had once done this my own sense of pride and of satisfaction began to manifest itself in a slight degree. I found, however, that the cutting of the grass was not all. The yard was to be made perfectly clean. Every weed, every tuft of dead grass, every bit of paper or scrap of dirt of any description was to be removed. I did not succeed in pleasing my employer in this the first time, either, but I finally did succeed in making the yard so clean that I did not believe that so much as a bird's feather remained on it.

But even then that was not all. I was told that the edges of the walks must be made straight, and the walks themselves made free from grass and weeds, that the weeds and grass must be taken from the flower-beds, and the edges of the beds themselves straightened and put in order. Need I say that so far as these last-named details were concerned I tried to give satisfaction at

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least half a dozen times before I succeeded? Need I say that many times while trying to put this yard in order, tired and hot, I became heartsick and discouraged, and almost determined to run away and go home to my mother? But I kept at it, and after a few days, as a result of my efforts under the strict guidance of my employer, I looked out upon a yard where the grass was green and almost perfect in its smoothness, where the flower-beds were clean, the edges of the walks orderly and clean cut, and where there was not the least sign of dirt to mar the almost perfect appearance.

When I looked upon this creation of my hands, my whole nature, it seems to me, began to change. I felt a sense of self-respect, of encouragement and satisfaction that I had never before enjoyed or thought possible. Above all else I had acquired a feeling of self-confidence in my ability actually to do things, and to do them well, which it is hard for me to describe. Further, I found myself, through this experience, getting rid of the idea which had gradually become a part of me, that the head meant everything, and the hand little, and that to labor with the head was honorable, but to labor with the hands dishonorable. Added to my other sources of satisfaction came the warm and hearty commendation of the good woman who had given me what I now consider my first chance to get a touch of real life.

As I now recall this experience I find that then and there my mind received an awakening and strengthening. I began to get satisfaction out of my hands. I found myself planning over night how to go to work so as to insure the success of the next day's efforts. I found myself imagining how the yard would look when completed, and studying over the best curves for the flower-beds and the proper width of the walks. I soon became more absorbed in this work than in finding mischief to do with the village boys to occupy my time.

While I would be among the last to underestimate the awakening power of strictly mental training, still I cannot escape the feeling that this visible, tangible contact with nature gave me an awakening which could not have come to me in any other way. I favor the most thorough mental training and the highest development of mind, but I want to see these linked to the common things of life about our doors.

I remained in the family of which I have written for several years, and the foregoing is but one of the many lessons that I learned. The longer I was employed there the more satisfaction I got out of my work, and later on, so far from fearing the woman whom the other boys had found so formidable, I learned to think of her always, and think of her now —for she still lives—as one of my greatest teachers. Later, whether working in the coal mines or at the salt furnaces, I learned to get something of the same satisfaction out of everything that I did. If in sweeping or dusting a room, or in weeding a bed of flowers or vegetables, there remained the least imperfection in the shape of dust or weeds, I was unhappy, and felt that I was guilty of dishonesty until the imperfection in my work had been removed.

I think that it was this experience in using my hands that led me, in spite of all the difficulties in the way, to go to the Hampton Institute, after I had learned that this was a school where the pupils were not only educated by the use of books, but were also educated in the use of their hands. At the time that I entered the Hampton Institute the industries taught there were but few, but those few were fundamental. The handwork at Hampton began with that which had the most direct and natural relation to the life of the students—the making of our own beds, the cleaning of our rooms, the care of the recitation rooms, the keeping neat of the grounds, the proper cooking and serving of food. Then there were the lessons in raising our food on the farm. The lessons in iron and wood work in the earlier years of the institution were given principally in the form of making and repairing farm implements, and in helping to keep the buildings in proper repair.

But all this work had great educational value. How well do I remember the uplifting and strengthening influence that the sight of a perfectly made bed had upon me, with the pillow always placed at the proper angle, and the edges of the sheets turned over in a neat and systematic manner. The work on the farm had the same influence upon me. I soon learned that there was a great difference between studying about things, and studying the things themselves; and further, that there was quite as much difference between studying in books about doing things, and doing the same things themselves.

All these experiences to which I have been referring served as preparation for the work

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in hand, head and heart training which, later, I was to undertake at the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Alabama. When I went to Alabama to begin this work I spent some time in visiting towns and country districts in order that I might, if possible, get to understand the real conditions and needs of the people. It was my ambition to make the little school which I was going to start of real service in awakening and enriching the life of the most lowly and unfortunate. With this end in view I not only visited the schools, churches and farms of the people, but slept in their one-room cabins and ate with them at their meals, of cornbread and fried pork.

Often while making these visits, both in the towns and in the plantation districts, I found individuals who had received considerable education, so far as memorizing certain rules in grammar and arithmetic were concerned. Indeed, more than once, I found those who had studied to a considerable extent in the dead and modern languages. I found some who could solve problems in arithmetic and algebra which I could not master. It seemed to me that the more abstract and senseless these problems were, the further that they were removed from the life that the people were then living, or were to live in the future, the more stress these people seemed to place upon them. One of the saddest things was to find here and there cases of those who had studied what was called "art," or instrumental music, in other words what were called "the accomplishments," living in houses where there was not the least sign of beauty or system. There was not the least indication that this "art" or these "the accomplishments" had had any influence, or ever would have any, upon the life in these houses. Indeed, it seemed not to have occurred to these people that such things should have any connection with everyday life in their homes. In some cases I found young men who could solve the most difficult problems in "compound proportion," or in "banking," or in "foreign exchange," but who had never thought to try to figure out the reason why their fathers lost money on every bale of cotton they raised, and why they were constantly mortgaging their crops and going in debt. I found girls who could locate with accuracy the Alps or the Andes on the map, but who had no idea of the proper location of the various knives and forks and dishes upon an actual dinner table. I found those who remembered that bananas were grown in certain South American countries, but to whom it had never occurred that bananas might be a good and healthful food to sharpen the appetite at the breakfast table, supposing their work had been such as to allow them to buy such food. In a country where pigs, chickens, ducks, geese, berries, peaches, plums, vegetables, nuts and much other wholesome food could be produced with little effort, I found even school teachers in the summer eating salt-pork brought from Chicago and canned chicken and tomatoes obtained in Omaha.

I found that while the country abounded in all manner of beautiful wild shrubbery and fragrant flowers, few flowers ever found their way into the houses, or their place upon the dinner table. Further, I found that while in many instances the people had always lived in the country, and perhaps always would do so, what few text-books I saw in their cabins were full of pictures and text relating to city life. In these text-books I saw pictures of great office buildings, great ships, street cars and warehouses, but not a single picture of a farm scene—a large spreading apple tree, a field of grass or corn, a flock of sheep or a herd of cows. In one case I heard of a girl who, when asked to become a cook in a family, replied very seriously that she was sorry, but her diploma was for music and embroidery.

(To be continued.)

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HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print *practical* suggestions for women who wish to make money. An announcement regarding accepted suggestions will be found on page four of the advertisements. The editors will be glad to hear from any one contemplating a trial of the suggestions published in this department and to pay for accepted contributions.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THROUGH the interest of some good friends, a *Travelling-Woman's Exchange* has been really started. As mentioned in our August number, Mrs. Ada E. Chapin, 44 Allen Street, Springfield, Mass., conceived the plan. Mrs. Chapin is now sending various home-made articles to the summer resorts. No advance fee is required; each article is sold for the maker at her own price, if possible, less ten per cent. for expenses.

A certain demand in her own town suggested to Mrs. A. G. Hale, Philipsburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania, that "firms" of so-called untrained women could successfully run hotels in many places throughout the country. One woman to cook, one to manage the dining-room and housework, and one to sew and keep accounts. There comes also a demand for good board from men whose work in the mining region takes them away from their own homes. There is also need in the same town for a "sanitarium" or "rest" conducted by women. Mrs. Hale will be glad to send particulars to any woman who is interested.

Others who may desire to follow Mrs. Hale's example, should advise this department as to the special needs in their vicinity. Please remember that your recommendation may appeal to some woman who is looking for an opening and lead her to establish the business you suggest. Therefore, you should be well assured not only of your own needs but those of your neighbors also, to insure sufficient support for the worker.

EMERGENCY MENUS.

AS a rule, when one is without help, friends are passing through the city and would "so like to come up for luncheon." What a relief to be able to go to a woman at such a time and select number one, two, or three of her menus, and feel confident that everything will be all right!

I should have cards printed something like this:—

"*Mrs. Blank will cook and serve a dinner or luncheon at your home. Menus and list of materials required will be furnished upon application. For serving six people or less, dinner*, $2.00; *luncheon*, $1.50."

A half-dozen or so menus should be prepared, and from them should be made lists of materials and amount of each required, even to the seasonings. It is then the duty of the employer to see that every article called for is on hand at the specified time. Any woman competent to undertake this work could easily arrange menus requiring at the outside not more than three hours' time to prepare. FRANCES T. GILBERT.

HOW THE OLD HOME WAS SAVED.

TWO women were left in middle-age nearly destitute and dependent upon their own resources. They came of an old aristocratic Southern family, wealthy for generations and prominent in the best society of a Southern city. Only the old home was left to the two sisters. It was a beautiful mansion, richly furnished after a by-gone fashion, and containing stores of valuable silver, china, bric-a-brac, and furniture. The owners could not bear even the thought of selling it. It seemed like desecration. They anxiously considered all the ways and means of livelihood open to ladies of their kind. Letting lodgings, or taking boarders seemed a profanation of their home, as well as inexpedient because of their own unfitness for such work. Sewing or embroidery they were totally ignorant of; also of all domestic work. Neither had any capacity for business pursuits, or any knowledge of them either. Although finely educated, they were not fitted for teaching. There seemed no way for them to earn a bare living.

But a chance caller gave them an idea. She deplored the lack of a Club House for women of the style of the best Men's Clubs. That was enough for these perplexed ladies. They instantly set to work to make their home into such a Club House. They visited their friends, the ladies of society, and found them all pleased with the idea and ready to join in membership for the Club House. Each lady paid a large sum for the privilege of the Club.

The old home, in the respectable part of a large city, became an ideal Club House, with its stores of valuable furnishings. The servants, trained by years of perfect service, and full, moreover, of loyal love for the "family," were ideal also. And the two ladies were always ready to dispense hospitality with graceful tact.

The Hawthorne Club House became a popular place, patronized by the best society. Here its members could meet at any hour of the afternoon or evening, and have light refreshments if desired, served in the most dainty manner. Here they could entertain their friends or even give small parties.

And the owners of the house not only saved their home intact, but made a handsome income and provided a social need.

Many a beautiful old home in some large city might be thus saved from degenerating into a second-rate boarding-house, or into a tenement house, by being turned into a Club. And many a penniless woman might keep her home and make her living by following the example of these two.

SARAH ENDICOTT OBER.

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FUNERAL DIRECTRESS,
or
Little Sister of the Rich.

WOMEN have entered almost all possible lines of business, and have shown themselves capable, even in competition with men. The field of work I propose is a broad one, but it needs much delicacy and tact in the handling. A woman to succeed in this must be a lady of good birth, breeding and education. She must have executive ability and original ideas, good taste, and above all, tact.

If a first-class undertaker, having wealthy patronage, can secure the services of such a woman, his success is assured, and she is worth $75 to $100 per month. Her duties are: When the order comes, a carriage takes her at once to the house of mourning, where she gets all in readiness for the undertaker, such as sheets towels, water, soap, finds situation of bath-room, and what the household consists of, taking general charge. When all is completed, embalming done, and the undertaker has all details arranged, he leaves her in charge. She is at the disposal of the ladies of the household to shop or to write letters, or to be of use and comfort in any way most needed. And on the day of the funeral she acts as hostess, dressed in black broadcloth, muslin collar and cuffs. "Madam" thus stands between the family and the world. She arranges flowers, lights and furniture to the best advantage. At such times the family are useless, and the misdirected, though kindly meant assistance of friends, is a hindrance rather than a help. Such a woman would be to a family bereaved, as great a stay and blessing as the presence in a sick room of a professional nurse. She can expedite matters for her employer in many ways, such as waiting for the ladies to dress or get ready to receive him; perhaps they are ill or in bed,—a woman can go right in, while he now has to wait, consequently losing valuable business time. JEANETTE YOUNG.

SOUP STOCK.

FEW women realize the profit there is in selling soup-stock. Make arrangements with your butcher for all the scraggy bits of meat and good soup-bones he has left each day. Make these into stock, put up in jars and label neatly.

You can get the butcher to sell on the share and share alike plan, which has proved so remunerative to the woman who earns money at home.

In this case the outlay is nothing; there is no worry about sales. There are many persons very glad to buy soup-stock, who will willingly pay a reasonable price for it. This work can be done by the woman living in the country as well as her city sister.

MARGARET ALLEN.

STOCK MAKING.

AT the present day, women desire fancy neck-stocks for nearly all their high gowns. They are tedious to make and are seldom supplied by the dressmaker. A woman who can hemstitch, make French knots, with some simple lace stitches, can at present have constant employment making stocks to wear with special gowns. An advertisement in a newspaper should secure two or three customers who would tell others of her specialty. This advertisement should state that the worker will use ladies' own material; will utilize the smallest bits of lace and embroidery on silk or linen (such as old undersleeves, capes, etc.); will make stocks to match any gown, and of any material; and will shape and embroider in entirely original and novel designs. She could add to this the making of undersleeves and cuffs to match if desired. A. C. CLARY.

PARIS AND HER SUMMER STAY-AT-HOMES.

AN INNOVATION OF COMFORT IN DRESS DURING THE SUMMER SEASON—AT THE CAFES—SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.

EVER since the Grand Prix, fashionable Parisiennes have been swinging frivolously around the seashore circuit. They will finish the Summer season in a whirl of gaiety at Ostend; but there are exceptions to this rule. Paris is not altogether deserted. It has its stay-at-homes, and all the country round about is dotted with villas whose fair chatelaines prefer a lazy country Summer to joining the human pin-wheels whirring 'round the prescribed fashion-circuit. Perhaps they run up to Trouville or Dieppe for a dash of salt air and frivolity. They may, particularly if their homes are on the Seine, cruise to Havre for the Yacht Club's annual regatta. They make jolly little excursions to Paris, by water or coach, dine at a popular restaurant, go to a *cafe chantant*, and thank the Fates that, though pledged to rural joys for a season, they are still in touch with D'Armenonville and the Alcazar.

On the whole, they may have chosen the better part. It is a pity to lose all of the Paris Summer. Even when her smartest children have forsaken her, the gay city does not lose her spirits. She is only madder, merrier than ever—but with a difference.

Madame must stay in Paris?

"*Eh bien! Elle s'amuse, tant de meme*, and there are so many ways of amusing herself.

One lounges and sleeps through much of the day. That is understood, but, late in the afternoon, one wakes to the serious affairs of life, to the toilette, the dinner.

Or, possibly, Madame is of the new school that goes in for "le sport" in English fashion—she may be up and off to polo games or pigeon shoots in the morning; she may row or golf or play tennis in the afternoon and dine near the scene of her athletic prowess without going back to town for a dinner-toilette. That is an innovation among Parisians. To dine in a blouse and short skirt! *Quelle horreur!*—but in pursuit of "le sport" many a chic Parisienne sacrifices her natural in lination and her traditions, only demanding that her

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outing costume shall be all that there is of the most coquettish and attractive.

FUN AT THE FAMOUS PARIS CAFES.

Al fresco dining is an art in Paris, a thing to reconcile one to a city Summer. At any one of a score of restaurants, one may find, not only a dinner to content an epicure, but a picturesque setting for the most entertaining, the most decorative of human potpourri.

With recent years New York restaurants have put forth a few modest terraces, but where is New York's D'Armenonville, Madrid, Bellevue, Henri Quatre?

The open air restaurants in the Bois are always crowded on Summer evenings, and, at the most popular of them, the only way to secure a desirable table is to reserve it several days in advance.

D'Armenonville, everyone knows it, is probably the most famous restaurant in the world and its popularity shows no sign of waning, though many rivals have contended with it for the patronage of the elect. The Café Madrid is not so well known to foreigners but draws an exclusive, aristocratic set. Café Chinoise, as expensive and as crowded as the other two, is more happy-go-lucky—everything goes at the Chinoise. Bicycle costumes, golfing clothes, dusty automobile toggery hobnob with the most exquisite toilettes. Madame will not go to D'Armenonville or Madrid unless she has made elaborate preparation; she will stop at the Chinoise in passing, and, confidentially, she often finds the *laisser aller* of the latter place more amusing than the fine flavor of elegance clinging to the sweller cafés.

At the very end of the drive through the Bois is the Café des Cascades, where tables are always in demand, and now one hears much of the Café Royale which will be, so rumour says, the most dangerous rival of D'Armenonville.

One and all they stand for Summer Paris, for mirth folly, extravagance, brillancy. No other city, no other people could give them their sparkle, their effervescence, their gaiety. It is only the French who really dine merrily, in time to the intoxicating music of Tziganes.

A BIT ALONG THE BANKS OF THE SEINE.

If the stay-at-homes will wander farther afield in quest of dinner, there is no difficulty in finding an objective point that will be everything that is chic.

Out on the banks of the Seine is the Bellevue, swellest of swell Meccas for the diners whom a long drive can not daunt. The Pompadour once had a villa where the picturesque white building now stands high above the river and overlooking all the country round. Perhaps frivolity has lingered in the air here since the days when the Grande Marquise held butterfly court, and that explains the vogue of the place. Perhaps only the magnificent views, the cuisine, and the comfortable driving distance are responsible; but, whatever the cause, it is the fashion to don one's finest raiment and drive to Bellevue.

If the ghost of the Grande Marquise flutters about the terrace, it will surely claim kinship with the belle Parisiennes who cluster about the little tables this Summer. Are they not gay in the flowered silks and mousselines to which the Pompadour gave her name; are they not wearing fichus and shepherdess hats rose-garlanded?

The men—well the Pompadour would doubtless sigh over the men and remember thankfully that, in her day, courtiers were brave in velvets and silks and laces and jewels, not clad like *croques morts*. Bellevue would be even more brilliant than it is, if the men were as decorative now as in the day when the Grande Marquise held sway.

The Pavilion Henri Quatre, of the St, Germain Terrace, has its associations too. It was a part of the old palace, this pavilion on the edge of the forest; and tradition, emphasized by the cradle marked on the restaurant silver, says that Henry of Navarre was born here.

It is a pity the Roi Galant can not come back to his own for at least one Summer evening. He had ever an eye for a pretty woman, and it would warm even his ghost to watch the women who flutter from carriage to verandah at the Pavilion. He would smile approval, too, at Madame of the golf or yachting costume. This hot-hearted Henry was catholic in his tastes. Perhaps it is the tolerance of his spirit that has made possible at the Henri Quatre what would be shocking where the Pompadour is presiding genius. La Grande Marquise was not a marvel of morality, but upon etiquette she stood firm. One must be in grand toilette for the Bellevue; but for the Henri Quatre—that is as one chooses.

Pretty women in ravishing toilettes flock to the tables of the glass-enclosed verandahs; but, side by side with the woman of the trailing chiffon and lace, of the wonderful driving cloak, of the picture hat, is the woman who has been golfing on some of the club links around St. Germain. The chances are that, being French, she has not played violently enough to disarrange her costume. It is as immaculate, as perfect in its way as the elaborate dinner toilette of the elegante who has just driven out from town; but she adores "le sport" and she chatters of it enthusiastically, over her truffles and champagne and looks like a Dresden China image of a golfing girl.

When Bellevue and the Henri Quatre pall upon Madame, some one of her admirers plans a coaching trip to Passy, and a lively party bowls out through the Bois, stops for luncheon at St. Germain and then goes on through the forest to quaint old Passy and the Sturgeon.

Jams Gordon Bennett's coaching parties made the Sturgeon famous; but now the Sturgeon dinner is an accepted item, and though the dinner is never a triumph of culinary art, the old inn is delightful and the excursion pleasant enough to reconcile one to the failings of the sauces.

From Passy, half way to Rouen, one usually finds a large percentage of the yachts of the French Yacht Club and much frivolity of a nautical flavor. It is a gay little river, that Seine, all the way from the Paris quays to Havre, and its yachtings, its fishing parties, the garden fetes along its banks, all have the brilliant irresponsible *opera bouffe* quality that is peculiar to the French world *ou l'on s'amuse*.

THE FORESHADOWING OF AUTUMN FASHIONS.

But during the last few weeks, Paris has been thrilling to issues more serious than boating and dancing and dining. The Parisienne is already considering the question of Autumn toilettes. The modes of the coming season are being evolved in the great dressmaking ateliers and the shops are beginning to display their novelties.

August 15th is the date for the openings of the dressmaking season. Then Fall modes are put on view for the trade and the hordes of American, English, and con-

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tinental buyers have a chance to inspect them. There are buyers who never take a model shown to the trade. They look over the ground and then order gowns designed especially for them and not to be duplicated, but this arrangement comes high and is possible only when the buyer ranks high in importance by virtue of the magnitude and discrimination of his orders. The average dressmaker or importer merely chooses models that he prefers and ignores the fact that hundreds of gowns made after the same models are being sold.

Naturally, fashions for the coming season are not yet firmly crystallized. Feminine whims and vagaries must be taken into account and even the most autocratic of the French dressmakers can not be sure that because he stands sponsor for a mode, womankind will accept it with enthusiasm. There is a large element of chance in the launchings of a fashion.

At the time when this article is written comparatively little that is definite is known about the coming fashions, though straws indicate the direction of the current. The chances are that there will be no very radical changes. The low broad hats of the Summer are promised in Winter materials, and certain models already shown in very soft felt or beaver with droop plumes suggest delightful possibilities. Lace, and fur too, are favored materials and the velvet hat is to have a new lease of life.

The popularity of velvet for costumes also seems to be an assured thing and the dressmakers are once more vigorously pushing the Louis Quinze modes which practically call for velvet or brocade. Very stunning *nouveau art* clasps and chains, for holding the Louis Quinze coats across the waistcoat and jabot, have appeared this Summer and offer opportunity for Winter extravagance.

The Pompadour designs and motifs are conspicuous among the newer house and evening gowns, as they have been this Summer, and all the soft clinging stuffs and sheer filmy fabrics will hold their own for indoor wear.

There is, by the way, a comparatively new *voile de soie* which ought to have great success: for while almost as thin and cloudlike as chiffon, it has much of the durability and firmness of *voile*.

Of the new wool materials that have been shown those in rough zibelline and astrakan effects have been most favorably received, and portents point to a woolly season. Black and white still figure largely in color calculations and many of the rough black and white wool mixtures will make most effective street gowns, relieved by a touch of color in plain cloth and embroidery.

The warm browns are to be worn more than they have been and there are several attractive new blues. One lighter than sapphire and less vivid, is particularly good. The most striking color motif introduced upon the late Summer and early Fall frocks is the brilliant orange that has gained steadily in popularity during the Summer. Its possibilities for good and bad are tremendous, and there is every probability that it will be made such an eye-sore by unskilful handling that it will soon fall from grace. As the Parisian makers are using it however, it gives *cachet* to many an otherwise simple gown and a touch of it appears in combination with almost any color in the season's gamut.

Orange and black embroidery upon white cloth is the finish for many of the tailor frocks. Embroidery of all kinds will continue to be favorite trimmings, and the colored wool embroideries seen on some of the Summer gowns will appear more frequently this Fall. Another Summer innovation, the loose embroidery, in colored silks, upon heavy lace, will hold over to the Winter. Well developed, it is a most effective idea and gives distinction and individuality at the cost of comparatively little hard labor. When the lace is dyed to match the material of the costume, as is so often the case now, the color suggestions gleaming through the meshes are especially valuable.

Skirts still cling above and flow below, though there is an effort to introduce fulness, and in thin materials the skirts are often shirred to a shallow yoke. Gauged shirrings are gaining ground too, and often form the skirt yoke with the fulness left to fall below. Some of the newest evening gowns show the Marquise petticoat idea; as for example, a Pompadour pastel tinted silk whose skirt is slightly gathered around the hips and opened in front to display a rose satin petticoat richly embroidered. With this gown is a habit basqued corsage with deep lace collar and huge brilliant buttons, but the bodice with a deep sharp point, front and back, is making a bid for favor and is a natural accompaniment of the petticoat skirt and of the overskirts with which we are once more enthralled.

One version of the petticoat model, recently worn by a Parisian fashion leader, has given rise to much conjecture as to the extent to which this mode will be carried. In the house gown, the petticoat has often appeared, even during past seasons, but this particular costume was designed for the races. It was of white cloth with severely plain coat and skirt, but the latter opened in front over the most exquisite of white mousselline petticoats, all handwork and lace. This petticoat was evidently quite separate from the outer skirt of cloth which blew back as the wearer walked and gave the mousselline and lace ample opportunity for self-revelation. The blouse and undersleeves of the costume were kin to the petticoat and the whole effect was indescribably dainty and novel. Sun pleated skirts and triple-flounced skirts are seen in many of the Autumn models, and even Parisiennes are, at last reconciling themselves to walking-skirts that clear the ground.

Coats and loaks are of all sorts, from the bolero that will not down, despite all prophesy, to themost exaggerated and bizarre of flowing garments; but the distinctive feature of a large majority of the Fall wraps is the deep cape or shawl collar fitting snugly on the shoulder and falling well down over the arm.

Capes or full coats with cape effect accompany many of the new gowns, always giving the exaggerated 1830 length and droop of shoulder.

Sleeve fulness has gradually crept up the arm until now it is seldom introduced below the elbow. The elbow sleeve will retain its vogue during the Winter, for house, theatre and visiting toilettes.

CONCERNING THE TWO COLOR PLATES.

The beige gray cloth gown designed by Beer and illustrated here shows a development of the upper arm fulness in the full cape sleeve of the loose valera and has an excellent treatment of black satin embroidery in blue and white. The other gown sketched is from the atelier of Walles and is of brilliant tissue *poil de chevre*. The deep lace collar is laid over pink satin and the waistband is of pink satin, but the most attractive note of the gown lies in the lingerie pleats that finish the sleeve and skirt flounces and trim the bloused bodice.

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WALLES

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